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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

LADY JOAN BYNG

135, Gloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

. With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated French Decorations Supplement.

THE COMMERCIAL MANAGEMENT OF THE DOMINION PARKS.

THERE is a great deal of what the Ettrick shepherd called good mixed feeding, or reading, in the Report of the Commissioner of Dominion Parks for 1912, which has just been issued from the Government Printing Bureau, Ottawa. Those who are familiar with English Blue Books will find a very considerable difference between them and this official publication. The British public servant and statistician is nothing if not dignified, stately and formal. It would appear as though his superiors told him to stick closely to his figures and the topics actually under review. But the Canadian official is altogether different. In fact, there is a certain amount of amusing gossip admitted to the pages of the very able Report before us. For example, Mr. Harkin, the Commissioner of Dominion Parks, has a section which he calls "Commercial Side." This is an acute analysis to show

the money value of the tourist who "leaves large sums of money in the country he visits, but takes away with him in return for it nothing that makes the nation poorer." This is expanded into prose-poetry about the tourist carrying away with him "a recollection of enjoyment of unequalled wonders of mountain, forest, stream and sky, of vitalising ozone and stimulating companionship with Nature," and the comforting corollary of this is that "of the natural wealth of the country he takes nothing." Then he goes on to reproduce some figures from a magazine writer who tried to express in dollars the value to a country of its tourists. Thus, France is thought to derive an annual income of 500,000,000dol.—say, roughly, £100,000,000—from this source, and Italy a fifth of that sum. American tourists in England are credited with spending annually £5,000,000 in the country. Switzerland's revenue from tourists last year is said to have been about £50,000,000. Florida gets more from her tourists than from her oranges and all the other products of the soil put together. Over a million pounds is spent each year in the Adirondacks, and about £8,000,000 in the pine woods of Maine.

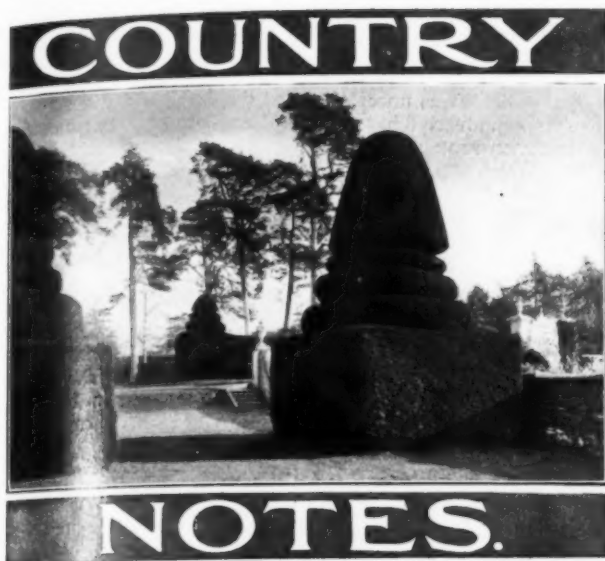
The President of the American Civic Federation calculates that American tourists in 1910 spent the equivalent to £70,000,000 abroad. This by the Commissioner is described as "evidence of a powerful and prevailing desire on the part of the people to see and commune with the beauties of Nature." And as this tendency can be valued at a cash price, he recalls with pride that "Canada has twenty Switzerlands in one," and "Maine's Adirondacks cannot be compared to Canada's national parks." There is more even in this than the Commissioner expressed. Many people who have been going to Switzerland are tired of "the playground of Europe" and have been thinking of the splendid prospects of winter sport in Canada. It is only the length of the journey that keeps them from changing the Alps for the Rocky Mountains.

During the year under review an important rearrangement of the parks was made in order to bring them down to an area which could be easily controlled. This led to some dissatisfaction, however, because large numbers of white and Indian hunters immediately began preparing to take advantage of the disparking of great districts to engage in hunting operations. This was promptly and effectually prevented. The general policy upon which the parks are managed is based on the belief that visitors, however much they may be devoted to Nature, also value comfort, convenience and safety. In order to meet these requirements surveillance is exercised over every kind of service which the tourist demands, the character of the accommodation offered him and the avoidance of congestion. Steps are taken to protect him against extortion and to invent minor attractions to fill in the time between Nature trips. The great business in hand just now, however, is the perfecting of roads and trails. The steam roller, the rock crusher and the concrete mixer are kept hard at work. With these a great deal has always to be done for the preservation of these open spaces. The worst enemy to be fought is fire, and in order to quell its ravages there is a comprehensive trail system, and telephone lines are being planned, signal stations put up, dépôts for keeping emergency stores built, and an organisation of men, pack-horses and equipment made ready to cope with an outbreak of fire. Last, but not least, there has been taken up the disposal and removal of dead timber, which in an ancient forest forms a great source of fire danger. All this gives evidence of activity and intelligence. In her great parks Canada has indeed a most valuable asset, and though the forest may be the most immediately remunerative feature, we doubt if it really is of more value than the splendid educational facilities afforded by the parks. There the forestry expert has a chance of testing his latest theories and applying his best practice. There the zoologist and the botanist can at once wander and learn; and perhaps in time to come there will be schools established where the formal teaching of the professor will be varied by the informal teaching supplied by a life lived mostly in the open air.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Joan Byng, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathford, whose engagement to the Hon. Andrew Mulholland, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Dunleath, has just been announced.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THOSE who are inclined, or half-inclined, to cast the ancient land system of Great Britain into the melting-pot may do worse than pause for a while to consider what part was played by the late Lord Tredegar in the rural economy. For he belonged to the highest type of his class. As we consider the different stages of his career we follow a path beaten by the footsteps of many who have gone before and being trodden by a goodly number at this day. He was born at the family seat, Ruperra Castle, Cardiff, on April 28th, 1831. Eton was his school, and he left it for the Army, entering the Lancers as cornet in 1849 and becoming a captain in 1853. On record is his own graphic and modest account of his share in that Charge of the Light Brigade the memory of which rings, and will ever ring, in the national literature and life. After well-nigh incredible hairs breadth escapes in the front of the Russian guns in the middle of the Russian lines he was one of the one hundred and ninety-eight survivors, one of three officers who remained to tell the tale. In 1854 his elder brother had died, and in 1855 he retired from the Army and entered on the quiet but useful career of one who was to succeed to the titles and responsibilities attached to a great property.

As owner and administrator of an estate of forty thousand acres he developed a sense of duty as keen as he had evinced on the field of battle. No one could lay it to his charge that he was one of the idle rich who gather without sowing. The interests of his tenantry immediately became his own interests, and he set himself to promote them with heart and energy. He bettered their conditions, and those who grew old as his tenants look back to survey long years that brought no friction. The annual show at Newport served as a review of the agriculture of the year. He gave nearly all the prizes himself, and it is calculated that for a period of thirty years the show did not cost him less than fifteen thousand pounds. Nor was his attention devoted exclusively to his county; Cardiff and Newport have a lively sense of his numerous benefactions, and his private charities were almost unbounded. Space will not permit even an enumeration of the public offices he filled, not only with competence, but with spirit and brightness. And he was a great sportsman, one who for half a century hunted his own hounds and lived the ideal life of an English country gentleman.

After the shortest, oddest little Recess known to history, Parliament reassembled on Tuesday for the discharge of public business. Whatever politicians may think, the citizen whose main desire is that he should be allowed to lead a quiet life will be more than satisfied with the unambitious programme of legislation set forth in the King's Speech. Be the highly contentious measures passed by the present Government good or bad, he is of opinion that we have had enough of them for the time being. In other words, the country should now have an opportunity of digesting and assimilating the Bills that have been placed on the Statute Book. Many of them are new to English politics, and it will be some time before the public gets used to the fresh obligations imposed on it. But although these are the hopes and wishes of the average man who is not a strong partisan, he is by no means confident that they will be fulfilled. In the House of Commons it is the unexpected that happens. The Prime Minister and his

colleagues may decree, as they appear to have done, that the session will be humdrum and uneventful in character; but the House is composed of very inflammatory materials, and it would be idle to pretend that very keen antagonism has not been developed and accentuated by the course of recent events. Thus, though we may all agree about the desirability of peace and quiet, there is no assurance that they will be maintained.

A reckless statement by the author of a sensational book on the Land Question has brought forth a reply from the Duke of Bedford which "kills dead." We can almost forgive the inaccurate writer, since it has been the means of evoking a matter-of-fact statement as to the true conditions of rustic life in at least one English village. The Duke of Bedford receives on the capital invested in it an income of '09 per cent. He owns eighty-six of one hundred and twenty-six cottages, and the rental averages a fraction over 1s. 8d. a week. Of the occupants of these cottages, twenty-two are in the Duke's employment. The wages paid vary from 28s. to 15s. a week, and the men have a weekly half-holiday. The extra earnings range from £2 6s. to £9 3s. 6d. in the year, each labourer. On the estate it is the custom to pension old labourers, and in 1912 £275 was paid in pensions in Ridgmont and £12 10s. 10d. for sick-pay. The sum of £5,184 18s. 3d. has been spent in providing a new water supply and a swimming bath for the use of the inhabitants, and the tenants of the Duke are charged no water-rate. The school was put up and added to by the proprietors at a total cost of £1,501 11s. 7d. It is now let to the County Council, the local education authority, for £1 a year.

SONG.

'Tis the song of the lark—
Hark, hark!
Lift up your soul and your eyes
To the East.
Up to the faint rose skies
Soars the lark, as day wakes
And breaks.
Hear, as the sad night dies,
Joy's High Priest.

'Tis the song of the thrush—
Hush, hush!
Lift up your heart and your eyes
To the West,
Where, against pale gold skies,
Swings the thrush on a spray
Of May;
And, as the daylight dies,
Calls to rest.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

There is much more to be said about the management of the estate which is absolutely contradictory to the impression which the writer of the book sought to produce. Thus, poultry-keeping is not discouraged, as was asserted, and, so far from pig-keeping being forbidden, within the last ten years close on one thousand pounds has been spent in erecting pigsties for the cottagers. But it is good to know these facts in order to face the many exaggerated and untruthful statements that are being set afloat. But Mr. F. E. Green, the author in question, although in other respects not differing much from his fellow-men, is fanatical on the Land Question. There is a story in his book which illustrates this more vividly even than his misrepresentations of the Duke of Bedford's estate management. It occurs in a series of stories that are ironically termed "idylls," but confessedly meant to show the tyranny and degradation connected with the land system. Briefly, a woodman is jilted by a girl who goes to service as nurse to Lady Chard. She, as drawn in the pages, is a shallow, heartless, mercenary creature who under no circumstances would have turned out well, and from whom any wise man would have been glad to be delivered; but the climax to which we are led is: "That's what done it!" he cried, flourishing his great axe towards the Big House. "It ruins its maid-servants and its men-servants inside and outside—curse it!" When the workman gets a minimum wage, then it would appear to be expected that every maiden will be true.

All's well that ends well. At one time it looked as though the comfort of Easter holiday-makers would be interfered with by a strike on the Midland Railway, and, in fact, until a considerable amount of correspondence had passed and investigation taken place, the workers seemed to be taking a very wrong-headed view of the case. But in process of time, as the facts emerged, it was plain that Guard Richardson had been a quiet,

well-behaved, useful servant of the company, and that on the occasion which led to the trouble he had, rightly or wrongly, acted according to his own sense of duty. No fault, no carelessness could be proved against him. It became then a question whether the directors of the company would be obstinate in regard to their attitude, or would have the moral courage to own that they were wrong and reinstate their servant. They took, as we believe, the strong and really brave course of admitting their error. In this there was no weakness. It is the strong only who can afford to say that a mistake has been made, and nobody thinks less of an individual or of a public company for having made a frank admission of that kind. On the contrary, it must help very greatly to build up confidence.

It is very satisfactory to learn that, through the generosity of a private donor, the splendid collection of Japanese and Chinese paintings and screens formed by Mr. Arthur Morrison is to be presented to the British Museum and to become the property of the nation. It would have been a thousand pities to break up and disperse this most interesting collection. The history of it is remarkable. About the time when Mr. Morrison was writing the book that made him famous, "Mean Streets," he happened incidentally to see a book of Japanese prints. From that moment his interest was aroused, and it need scarcely be said that he brought to the subject a fund of general information and a remarkably clear intelligence, with the result that he became one of the greatest living experts in this peculiar branch of art. He used to have the rooms of his house hung with the specimens he collected, and nothing could be pleasanter or more instructive than to hear him explain how such and such a picture had been got, and chat in his own shrewd and instructive way. Although never in Japan himself, he made many Japanese friends, and they were often among his visitors.

The practice of giving fine collections to the country is a growing one, and greatly to be commended. Another anonymous donor has presented his collection of eight Old Masters' drawings and studies to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. The value of the gift may be judged from the fact that among the works are pictures from Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Cosimo, Rosselli, Lorenzo Lotto, Rubens, N. Poussin and Claude. In this connection it may also be noted that to the same institution Mr. John Charrington has presented a copy of Graves and Cronin's "Sir Joshua Reynolds," enlarged from four volumes to fourteen by the insertion of over eight hundred engravings of his works.

Food reformers are watching the struggle between Capital and Labour in the baking business with benevolent neutrality. Should the present strained relations end in a strike, they argue that good may come out of evil. The increase of bakers in the land has had the effect of reducing the competency of women. Not so very long ago every mistress of a household either baked her bread or, if she were rich enough to be able to keep servants, was competent to superintend the work, even to teach it. But nowadays there are thousands of women in the country, perhaps even a majority of the sex, who know nothing whatever about the methods of cooking bread, and who have not even seen it done. They go to the shop for everything. If a strike were to occur, those who are wise among them would endeavour to make themselves independent by reviving this lost art. It is claimed for home-made bread that it is more nutritious and palatable than that of the baker; and, at any rate, the careful mistress of a household, if the bread is baked at home, can ensure that only the best materials are used, and that perfect cleanliness is maintained. Thus the threatened strike may turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

From Nairobi comes a very thrilling account of an adventure that Mr. J. C. Crawley has had with lions. It would appear from the account that he had gone out armed with a magazine sporting rifle and a Browning pistol. At a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards he saw a lion sitting on its haunches, and shot it dead. Immediately four other lions, which he had not observed, sprang to their feet and made off. He rolled over a second and attempted to do the same with a third; but the last shot was not fatal, and the lion turned towards the place from which the missile had come. Once more Mr. Crawley tried to kill it, but neither the second nor the third shot took immediate effect and the animal charged him. He was thrown down and bitten in a number of places, but fortunately the bullets began to take effect, and the dying animal left him and crawled to a short distance, where it expired. The hero of this adventure is now in hospital, where it has been discovered that his wounds are not so serious as they might have been. The

stomachs of the dead animals were discovered to be almost empty, and they were probably weakened by hunger.

At Swansea last Saturday Ireland played magnificently, and the result was uncertain until the whistle blew for no-side. The visitors reverted to the forward game, which past generations of Irishmen have made famous. To obtain a victory, in spite of the Welsh superiority behind the scrum, was more than any pack could be expected to accomplish, but they were only beaten by the narrow margin of three points. Ireland obtained a lead in the first ten minutes through a wild pass on the part of the Welshmen, which Quinn fielded and, having beaten Bancroft, the Welsh full-back, he scored between the posts; R. A. Lloyd converted the try. It was more than twenty minutes before Wales scored, when Geen and J. P. Jones brought off a fine attack and enabled Bryn Lewis to score. Bancroft obtained a goal. Before half-time R. A. Lloyd kicked a penalty goal for Ireland, and J. P. Jones got in for Wales, but the try was not converted; so the teams changed sides with a score of eight points all.

At the commencement of the second half, Wales played with great verve and nearly scored time after time. The Irishmen were continually penalised for off-side, and at ground in spite of several magnificent rushes; and the home team obtained a lead when Bancroft placed a penalty goal. This was followed by a try scored by Bryn Lewis as the result of a magnificent attack on the part of the Welsh backs; Bancroft converted. Soon afterwards fortune favoured Ireland. Clem Lewis tried to clear when in the Welsh twenty-five and kicked the ball straight at A. L. Stewart's chest. It rebounded over the line and Stewart had a few yards to run to score the easiest of tries. Lloyd placed a goal. Ireland had only three points to get to equalise the score. Wales were penalised twice in these last minutes, and one of Lloyd's place-kicks would have made the match a drawn game, but a puff of wind just took the ball.

ANÆSTHETIC.

Put your hands on my eyes—I no longer would see
Your beautiful face as it bends over me.

Put your hand on my ears—I no longer would hear—
For your voice is too sweet and your lips are too near.

Put your hand on my heart, and its throbbing shall cease,
And passion shall die in a rapture of peace.

Then hold me, Beloved, a child to your breast,
And in darkness and silence my soul shall find rest.

C. C.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston made a good point in his address as president of the twenty-second annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in suggesting that owners of coverts might well set apart one of them as a sanctuary for birds. We may appreciate that suggestion without following him in his implied condemnation of the "wretched pheasants to be driven to the gun." Sentiment apart, the life of the pheasant in preserved coverts must be nearly the ideal of all that is most happy in a bird's life, and if it be, as a rule, a short life, the death is generally a mercifully swift one. But on many an estate there is a covert which is virtually useless for pheasants, because they cannot be properly shown from it, and it would add immensely to the interest and "amenities" if this could be kept as a sacred haunt for birds, of which many rare species might be encouraged to resort to it. Mr. Montagu Sharpe, who is chairman of the council of the society, described an apparatus invented by a Dutch naturalist for attachment to lighthouses in order to afford a resting perch to the migrating birds which are attracted by the light, and which perish in vast numbers of exhaustion, failing any such places of rest.

We often hear it said that our seasons are falling later, and especially that our winter is going to occupy more and more of that space in the year which the calendar apportions to spring; but, as a matter of fact, it does not seem to be only in these latter days that we find the one season encroaching upon the other. In the "Letters of Horace Walpole" we may read one, dated March 18th, 1754, to his frequent correspondent, Richard Bentley, Esq., which records: "Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day; it is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions: I hope seedlings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia!" This is written from Arlington Street in London. For all that, there is some reason.

as is commonly agreed, to think that the coldest spell of the year occurs later, as a rule, than it used to. There is the story of the Russian, the native of "Muscovy" as Horace Walpole would call him, coming on a winter visit to a friend in England and observing with scorn "Winter! Do you call this a winter?" and of his host replying, "Ah, wait till you see our spring!" It is a story in which there is much point. But ten successive days of snow in March is still, mercifully, an exception to the general rule.

A fine bust by Thornycroft of Brian H. Hodgson has just been placed in the Natural History Museum, to which institution it was bequeathed by his widow, who died last year in the South of France. To the present generation of naturalists the name of Hodgson is, perhaps, of no special import, but in the forties of the last century he was one of the greatest collectors

of birds and mammals of his time. He was also a distinguished Anglo-Indian Civil servant and British Resident at Nepal. During his stay in that country he devoted himself with ardour to the task of making a collection of the birds and mammals of Nepal, which he eventually presented to the British Museum. It is officially recorded that Hodgson's collection was without doubt the finest and most important donation that the Zoological Department had ever received from any single person. This was due not only to the large size of the collection and to the fact that the skins were accompanied with skulls and skeletons, but also to the very great number of type specimens that the collection contained. This material on which all Hodgson's work in describing species is based, is now of priceless scientific value, and it is in the fitness of things that his bust should find a permanent resting-place in the great museum which he did so much to enrich.

PEREGRINES IN THE EYRIE.

TO those who, like myself, have never seen a wild peregrine before those figured here, I may say that this is a bird about the size of a rook or crow, that when seen on the ground its general build and style of walk suggest a parrot, and that as it flies it looks like a pigeon with rather a long tail. The female is an inch or two taller than the male, and of more massive build, and in olden times, when falconry was the fashion and the peregrine was the favourite of kings, she was called the falcon, and her less powerful mate the tiercel, he being, roughly, a third less in size. We found this dominance of the female a marked feature of their domestic life, so that Suffragettes could not choose a bird more suited to them as a totem, for the falcon is nearly always away hunting while the tiercel stays at home and minds the babies. In the feathered world there are many different races, and as occupation stamps men into different classes, so is it possible to trace their likenesses among birds. The eagle has from time immemorial been looked upon as the king of birds, and the peregrine is of the blood royal.

There has been a movement of late to dethrone the eagle and replace him by the raven, who is undoubtedly the most intelligent of them all. His family are the great legal fraternity among birds, nimbleness of wit mingled with audacity characterise them all, so

that the very first time that I observed the hoodie crow at home I was struck with his laughable resemblance to a barrister in wig and gown. There was the same keen eye for the shortcomings of others and the general look of mental superiority to ordinary folk. Possibly it was his sidling jump and hoarse chuckle while punishing the careless gull by taking her unguarded egg that sounded like an ill-timed jest during the administration of justice, but, anyhow, the raven tribe do not appeal to me as kings. There is a want of dignity about them which is immediately apparent when you

see the wild peregrine at close quarters. For here you have the embodiment of quiet majesty. His quiet dignity or the haughty stare with which he surveys the world from his stronghold, or the quick scowl with which he looks at something that displeases him, may not convey the deep craft of the raven, but they indicate something nobler—absolute fearlessness with a quiet reserve of power that enables you to realise that this is the bird whose swoop is the terror of the bird world; the bird that shoots down like a bolt from the blue, kills in mid-air with one blow from its talons, and binding to a bird as heavy as itself, is well on its way home to its eyrie and its whimpering young before the shower of scattered feathers has had time to reach the sea.

If, after this, readers complain that the peregrines as figured disappoint them



C. J. King.

A TIERCEL STRETCHING HIMSELF.

Copyright.

in not looking sufficiently fierce, I can only plead in extenuation that these photographs, being taken in the eyrie, are really nursery pictures, and that I can imagine that even Lord Kitchener might not frown under such circumstances.

Although, in my belief, the tiercel is fiercer and bolder than the falcon, yet in the relaxation of the eyrie I have seen him, when waiting for the falcon to bring him food for the young, assume a whimsically child-like and plaintive expression that might have evoked sympathy from a dove. Those who remain unsatisfied, and I hope there will be many, have only to spend a little time and trouble in making a hiding shed and finding an eyrie, and then they will see something far better—the birds themselves. Before coming to the results, a brief record of the three years' operations may not be out of place. In 1910 I worked from one of my late friend Hugh Earl's tents, a self-supporting gipsy tent, in which the arching canes are fixed above into a pair of ridge boards, and below into a wooden frame, so that when erected and covered with its cover of Willesden canvas it can be easily carried about like a huge



C. J. King.

TEN DAYS OLD AND READY TO FIGHT.

Copyright.

bandbox and placed on any flat surface. On first examining the eyrie the difficulty was where to place it; there seemed only two sites, and both of them bad. One was just in front of the eyrie, where among the almost perpendicular rocks, about twenty feet below the top of the precipice, there was a flat, earthy space ten feet long by five wide. This was at once rejected as being much too close to the birds, and because it was four feet lower than the eyrie. The alternative site was a flat rock amid the

jumble that formed the edge of the precipice; but it was on an incline, and though it gave an excellent view into the eyrie below, it was nearly thirty feet away. However, it was a case of Hobson's choice, so the tent, having been painted to match its surroundings, was left there for a few days to accustom the birds to it, while a varied assortment of rocks placed inside prevented it from being blown away. Then I spent six most uncomfortable hours in it. Though it looked fairly right from the outside, once inside it was like lying on the side of a roof among a lot of loose rocks that threatened an avalanche with every movement.



C. J. King

BROODING HIS YOUNG.

Copyright.



C. J. King.

TIERCEL SHELTERING YOUNG FROM THE RAIN.

Copyright.

On my release I found that some knife-edged rocks alongside on the edge of the precipice might be bridged with planks, and so make a horizontal platform for the tent. This having been done, I next spent the greater part of a sunny day

watching the flies buzzing about an empty eyrie, the young asleep behind the rocks. I came to the conclusion that probably most of the feeding was done early in the morning and late in the day, and that if I wanted to see anything I must sleep



C. J. King.

THE MALE BIRD MOTHERING.

Copyright.

in the tent. My friends demurred on account of the risk of the tent being blown bodily away with me should a gale spring up in the night. But after our boatman had lashed it to his heart's content with a few additional pounds of new rope to the adjacent rocks, I was allowed to have my own way, and found, as I expected, that at sunset life in the eyrie began, and was carried on next day as if no one were present. But after two more watches I found on developing my negatives that the game was not worth the candle, as I only got the birds the size of a bluebottle. So at our next visit we came provided with trestles four feet high, and with some trepidation erected the tent face to face with the eyrie. I intended leaving it unoccupied for two days, but bad weather lengthened this to a week. By this time the young were ready to leave the eyrie, and I was disappointed and saw nothing, but heard the old birds lure the young away to be fed somewhere out of sight.

The year 1911 opened with good prospects. By the middle of April there were four eggs in the eyrie, and a new eyrie had been found on an adjacent island, also with four eggs in it, where we proposed to try the kinematograph. But the egg-collector had picked up our trail, and we had unfortunately omitted to pencil the eggs, so when it was too late we found out that by bribing a boatman he had cleared out the new eyrie and had taken half the eggs out of the old one. Why he left two can only be surmised, but possibly the boatman dreaded what might happen if we arrived and found ourselves without occupation, and the collector probably sold his eggs as two complete clutches.

It may be gathered that there is not much love lost between bird photographers and egg-collectors. On the principle of all is fair in love and war, collectors pass themselves off as photographers, and so obtain entrance to bird sanctuaries whose gates are afterwards found to be closed by the bird photographers. On one occasion an individual at Ravenglass aroused the suspicions of the watcher owing to the number of nests opposite which he erected his camera, which, when forcibly examined, proved to be full of little drawers lined with cotton-wool, an accessory not listed by the leading camera makers. That we sometimes manage to turn the tables is shown, I think, by the following incident. A friend of mine was watching some peregrines in the wilds of Northumberland. One day the landlord of the little inn at which he stayed told him that two gentlemen had arrived from London who were egg-collectors. At my friend's request no mention was made to them of his real occupation, but they were casually told that he knew more about the birds of the district than anyone else. The collectors

soon introduced themselves, and gladly accepted his guidance. Arrived at the eyrie, he advised them to wait a few days, as this falcon always laid four eggs, but would probably desert if they took the one egg they found lying there. During the interval he turned egg-collector, visiting many of the outlying farms, and then secretly resorted to the kitchen, where he boiled a number of small hens' eggs of the desired shape in a saucepan with sliced onions. As a result he picked out four most beautifully blotched and browned eggs, and at dawn substituted them for the peregrine's eggs. He then at breakfast told the collectors of his early stroll, and opined they need wait no longer. They started off immediately in order to be able to catch the midday mail, and having seen them safely off to London on their return, he replaced the real eggs in the eyrie, and had the satisfaction of learning later that the peregrines brought off

four young that year. He has often wondered what the collectors said when they tried to blow their eggs.

I had noticed in 1910 that the peregrine did not like the flapping of the canvas of the tent, so during the winter I evolved a portable hiding-shed in sections made out of three-ply, and had the good fortune to interest a patient of mine, Mr. J. H. Bateman, who was making a protracted convalescence, and he made me the shed to my design. But, nevertheless, 1911 turned out badly. I had intended starting a week earlier, but I was unable to leave, and eventually, owing to rough weather making it unsafe to land the shed, it was a week later than the previous year when we put it up. The shed itself was quite satisfactory, but a new focal-plane shutter, in which I had invested four



C. J. King.

CAUGHT WHILE COMPLETING HIS TOILET.

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pounds, was apparently unfinished when finally delivered a day or two before I started, and ruined most of my exposures. The weather only permitted three watches at the eyrie, and, to crown all, the young left the eyrie a week sooner, as, owing to there only being two of them, they were more abundantly fed and developed more rapidly, a fact I had previously noted with ravens.

In 1912 the shed was erected within two days of hatching, and as I had invited several bird-watchers to join me, we were enabled by a system of daily reliefs to have the birds under constant observation for thirteen days and nights. Of the notes thus acquired the most useful were those of H. B. Booth, both because they give a fair idea of life in the shed, and because they go far to make it obvious how valuable such a contrivance is for those who, untrammelled by the cares of photography, wish to use it for simply observational purposes. Its cost, however—the material alone came to over thirty pounds—

will, no doubt, prevent its adoption generally by ornithologists. The majority of them seem to prefer a less expensive and less thorough way of studying birds.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

A MORNING WITH THE GEESE IN THE TAUNUS.

IN and around a picturesque village on the verge of the Taunus Mountains, north of Frankfurt, may be witnessed in summer-time the daily migration of hundreds of geese from their confined quarters in the cottage yards to the green uplands above the hamlet. To one unaccustomed to the sight it is a quaint and interesting spectacle to watch the passing of such a flock on the highway and to follow it until the goal is reached. In the summer days the work of the village begins very early. The men go to the fields to guide the plough or prune fruit trees. Buxom women are seen walking to the allotments nearer home. Girls help in the fields and the children go to school. The youngest of these are liberated early; they must not be cooped up in a schoolroom in the heat of the day, so they are free to help in various easy ways in the work of the village. If you enter this Hessian hamlet at half-past nine you find quite a commotion, and you hear the cackling of large numbers of geese. From nearly every cottage gateway come geese, in twos, threes, tens and sometimes twenty, each with a dab of gay colour on its wing, the mark of ownership. The housewife or her children "shoo" them out into the road, and soon the village is alive with them. The older members of the flock soon steer in the direction of the well-known pond, but the young recruits are very unruly and want to sample the contents of the gutter, or to invade the yards higher up the street. But here comes Gretchen, one of the daily drivers of the geese. With a wisp of birch she gathers these wilful ones from under the great farm-waggons and out of the gutter, and moves them along towards the old Castle, where the noise of a rattle announces that Hans has already started with the main flock. There he is, near one of the four fine towers of the old Schloss; his coat thrown over one shoulder, stick in one hand, birch switch in the other, and his rattle under his arm. Gretchen adds her contingent to his, Julie and Rosine join them with other straggling cacklers, Karl, Moritz and Ernst must be in at the drive, and before long the last houses of the village are left behind and six hundred geese begin to climb the dusty, hilly road that leads to the pond.

Hans has a shaggy-coated dog. He carries a stick in his mouth. His services are really not required, and he gladly walks quietly with the drivers. The children keep the geese from straying from the road on to the tempting herbage of the banks, and progress is slowly made under the increasing heat of the sun. The passage of so many hundreds of webbed feet raises a dust, so that by the time the top of the hill is reached



HANS AND GRETCHEN BY THE OLD CASTLE.



MORITZ ASSISTS.



SIX HUNDRED GEESE BEGIN TO CLIMB THE HILLY ROAD.

it is very pleasant for all to leave the road and turn on to the turfy ground, in the direction of the longed-for water and the tree-shaded boggy land. And now the older geese, the knowing ones, may be seen to hurry forward, quite outstripping the main flock, for the goal is near. They see water ahead. Their quick waddle becomes a half-flight, until, with a joyful rush, they dive into the cool waters of the pond, making rippling eddies as they swim. Willows and poplars shade the south bank, green weeds and rushes harbour insect food, and acres of swampy land are backed by pleasant coppiced knolls. It is the promised land. Here comes the main flock; rushing, cackling, splashing they go into the pond until it is seething with life. The early comers have swum across and are out again on the further side, grubbing in the grass-land.

Hans throws himself on the ground to rest after the dusty walk. His dog stays with him. They spend the day with the geese. Gretchen has other work to do in the village, and after

a short rest she slowly trudges home again, accompanied by some of the children. But out here with the geese we stay for a while, enjoying the air. White fleecy clouds float in the blue sky, reminding one of the poetical Italian saying: "La Madonna fa la lana." From the edge of the forest near by comes the scent of the firs. Occasionally a timber team emerges from the wood and passes by the high road to the village below. Or a load of brushwood may be seen in the distance, drawn by two patient oxen towards the farmstead on the uplands. All else is stillness, save for the cackling of the flock, and even this sound is almost stilled as noonday approaches and the heat stills all. So passes the day.

At five o'clock in the evening Hans sends his gentle dog to gather together his great white family. Soon the air is full of sound. The flock is on the move. The journey home is all down hill and the sun's heat is spent. The geese have had a good day. As the village is reached they need no herding into their own yards.

WALTER JESPER.



BUT HERE COMES GRETCHEN.



CHAPTER I.

ANNETTE leaned against the low parapet and looked steadfastly at the water, so steadfastly that all the brilliant, newly-washed, tree-besprinkled city of Paris, lying spread before her, cleft by the wide river with its many bridges, was invisible to her. She saw nothing but the Seine, so tranquil yesterday, and to-day chafing beneath its bridges and licking ominously round their great stone supports, because there had been rain the day before. The Seine was the only angry, sinister element in the suave September sunshine, and perhaps that was why Annette's eyes had been first drawn to it. She also was angry, with the deep, still anger which invades once or twice in a lifetime placid, gentle-tempered people. Her dark eyes under their long, curled lashes looked down over the stone bastion of the Pont Neuf at a yellow eddy just below her. They were beautiful eyes, limpid, deep, with a certain tranquil mystery in them. But there was no mystery in them at this moment. They were fixed, dilated, desperate. Annette was twenty-one, but she looked much younger, owing to a certain slowness of development, an immaturity of mind and body. She reminded one not of an opening flower, but of a big, loose-limbed colt, ungainly still, but every line promising symmetry and grace to come. She was not quite beautiful yet, but that clearly was also still to come when life should have had time to erase a certain ruminative stolidity from her fine, still face. One felt that in her schoolroom days she must have often been tartly desired not "to moon." She gave the impression of not having wholly emerged from the chrysalis, and her bewildered face, the face of a dreamer, wore a strained expression, as if some cruel hand had mockingly rent asunder the veil behind which her life had been moving and growing so far, and had thrust her, cold and shuddering, with unready wings into a world for which she was not fully equipped.

And Annette, pale, gentle Annette, standing on the threshold of life, unconsciously clutching an umbrella and a little handbag, was actually thinking of throwing herself into the water. Not here, of course, but lower down, perhaps near St. Germain. No, not St. Germain. There were too many people there, but Melun, where the Seine was fringed thick with reeds and rushes, where in the dusk a determined woman might wade out from the bank till the current took her.

The remembrance of a certain expedition to Melun rose suddenly before her. In a kind of anguish she saw again its little red and white houses, sprinkled on the slope of its low hill, and the river below winding between its willows and poplars, amid meadows of buttercups, scattered with great posies of maythorn. She and he had sat together under one of the may trees, and Mariette, poor Mariette, with Antoine at her feet, had sat under another close at hand. And Mariette had sung in her thin, reedy voice the song with its ever-recurring refrain:

*Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou, oui me rendra fou.*

Annette shuddered and then was still. It must have been a very deep wound, inflicted with a jagged instrument, which had brought her to this pass, which had lit this stony defiance in her soft eyes. For though it was evident that she had rebelled against life, it was equally evident that she was not of the egotistic temperament of those who rebel or cavil or are discontented. She looked equable, feminine, the kind of woman who would take life easily, bend to it naturally,

As the grass grows on the weirs,

who might, indeed, become a tigress in defence of her young; but, then, what woman would not?

But it is not only in defence of its babes of flesh and blood that the protective fierceness of woman can be aroused. There are spiritual children, ideals, illusions, romantic beliefs in others, the cold-blooded murder of which arouses the tigress in some women. Perhaps it had been so with Annette. For the instinct to rend and tear was upon her, and it had turned savagely against herself.

Strange how in youth our first crushing defeat in the experiment of living brings with it the temptation of suicide. Did we, then, imagine, in spite of all we saw going on round us, that life was to be easy for us, painless for us, joyful for us, so that the moment the iron entered our soul we are so affronted that we say, "If this is life, we will have none of it."

Several passers-by had cast a backward glance at Annette. Presently someone stopped, with a little joyous exclamation. She was obliged to raise her eyes and return his greeting. She knew him, the eccentric, rich young Englishman, who rode his own horses under a French name which no one believed was his own. He often came to her father's cabaret in the Rue du Bac.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle."

"Good morning, M. Le Geyt."

He came and leaned on the parapet beside her.

"Are you not riding to-day?"

"Riding to-day. Ride on the Flat! Is it likely! Besides, I had a fall yesterday, schooling. My neck is stiff."

He did not add that he had all but broken it. Indeed, it was probable that he had already forgotten the fact. He looked hard at her with his dancing, irresponsible blue eyes. He had the good looks, which he shared with some of his horses, of extreme high breeding. He was even handsome in a way, with a thin, reckless, trivial face and a slender, wiry figure. He looked as light as a leaf and as if he were being blown through life by any chance wind, the wind of his own vagaries. His manner had just the shade of admiring familiarity which to some men seems admissible to the pretty daughter of a disreputable old innkeeper.

He peered down at the river and then at the houses crowding along its yellow quays, mysterious behind their paint as a Frenchwoman behind her pomade and powder. Then he looked back at her with mock solemnity.

"I see nothing," he said.

"What did you expect to see?"

"Something that had the honour of engaging your attention completely."

"I was looking at the water."

"Just so. But why?"

She paused a moment, and then said, without any change of voice, "I was thinking of throwing myself in."

Their eyes met, his foolhardy, inquisitive, not unkindly; hers sombre, sinister, darkened. The recklessness in both of them rushed out and joined hands. He laughed lightly.

"No, no," he said, "Sweet Annette, Lovely Annette. The Seine is not for you. So you have quarrelled with Falconhurst already. He has managed very badly. Or did you find out that he was going to be married? I knew it, but I did not say. Never mind. If he is, it doesn't matter. And if he isn't, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters."

"You are right. Nothing matters," said Annette. Her face, always pale, had become livid.

His became suddenly alert, flushed, as hers paled. He sighted a possible adventure. Excitement blazed up in his light eyes. "One tear," he said. "Yes, you may shed one tear. But the Seine! No. The Seine is made up of all the tears which women have shed for men, men of no account, worthless wretches, like Falconhurst and me. You must not add to that great flood. Leave off looking at the water, Annette. It is not safe for you to look at it. Look at me instead. And listen to what I am saying. You are not listening."

"Yes, I am."

"I'm going down to Fontainebleau for a bit. The doctor says I must get out of Paris and keep quiet or I shan't be able to ride at Auteuil. I don't believe a word he says, croaking old woman. But—hang it all, I'm bound to ride Sam Slick at Auteuil. Kirby can look after the string while I'm at Fontainebleau. I'm going there this afternoon. Come with me. I am not much, but I am better than the Seine. My kisses will not choke the life out of you, as the Seine's will. We will spend a week together, and talk matters over, and sit in the sun, and at the end of it we shall both laugh; how we shall laugh when you remember this." And he pointed to the swirling water.

A thought slid through Annette's mind, like a snake through grass. "He will hear of it. He is sure to hear of it. That will hurt him worse than if I were drowned."

"I don't care what I do," she said, meeting his eyes without flinching. It was he who for a moment winced when he saw the smouldering flame in them.

He laughed again, the old light, inconsequent laugh which came to him so easily, with which he met good and bad fortune alike. "When you are as old as I am," he said, not unkindly, "you will do as I am doing now—take the good the gods provide you, and trouble your mind about nothing else. For there's nothing in the world or out of it that is worth troubling about. Nothing, Nothing, Nothing!"

"Nothing," echoed Annette, hoarsely.

CHAPTER II.

THE train was crawling down to Fontainebleau. Annette sat opposite her companion looking not at him, but at the strange country through which they were going. How well she knew it. How often she had gone down to Fontainebleau. But to-day all the familiar lines were altered. The townlets, up to their eyes in trees, seemed alien, dead. Presently the forest, no longer fretted by the suburbs, came close up on either side of the line. What had happened to the oaks that they seemed drawn up in serried lines to watch her pass, like soldiers at a funeral! A cold horror brooded over everything. She looked at her companion and withdrew her eyes. He had said he was better than the Seine. But now she came to meet his eyes fixed on her. Was he better? She was not sure. She was not sure of anything, except that life was unendurable and that she did not care what happened to her.

There had been sordid details, and there would be more. He had said it would be better if she had a wedding ring, and he had bought her one. The shopman had smiled offensively as he had found one to fit her. She set her teeth at the remembrance. But she would go through with it. She did not care. There was nothing left in the world to care about. It was Dick Le Geyt who, thoughtless as he was, had shown some little thought for her, had taken her to a restaurant, and obliged her to eat, had put her into the train and then had waylaid and dismissed his valet who brought his luggage to the station, and who seemed at first determined not to let his master go without him; indeed, was hardly to be shaken off until Dick whispered something to him, when the man shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

Annette looked again at her companion. He had fallen suddenly asleep, his mouth ajar. How old and shrunk and battered he looked, and how strangely pinched. There was something unnatural about his appearance. A horrible suspicion passed through her mind that he had been drinking. She suddenly remembered that she had once heard a rumour of that kind about him, and that he had lost a race by it. She had to waken him when they reached Fontainebleau, and then after a moment's bewilderment he resumed all his alertness and feather-headed promptitude. Presently she was in a bedroom in an old-fashioned inn, and was looking out of the window at a little garden with tiny pebbled walks and a fountain and four stunted, clipped acacia trees.

The hotel was quite full. She had been asked some questions as to whether the room would do, and she had said it would. She had hardly glanced at it. It was the only room to be had. And Dick's luggage was carried up to it. The hotel people took for granted it was hers as well as his. She remembered that she had none, and smoothed her hair mechanically with her hands, while an admiring little chambermaid whisked in with hot water. And presently in the hot garish *salle à manger* there was a meal, and she was sitting at a little table with Dick, and all the food was pretence, like the tiny wooden joints and puddings in her doll's house which she used to try to eat as a child. These were larger, and she tried to eat them, but she could not swallow anything. She wondered how the others could. And the electric light flickered and once it went out, and Dick laughed. And he ordered champagne for her, and made her drink some. And then, though he said he must not touch it, he drank some himself, and became excited, and she was conscious that people turned to look at them. There was a grey-haired Englishwoman sitting alone at the nearest table. Annette saw her eyes rest on her for a moment with veiled compassion.

All her life afterwards, she remembered that evening as a nightmare. But it was not a nightmare at the time. She was only an onlooker; a dazed, callous spectator of something grotesque which did not affect her; a mirthless, sordid farce which for an obscure reason which she had known, but had forgotten, it was necessary for her to watch. That she was herself the principal actor in the farce, and that the farce had the makings of a tragedy, did not occur to her. She was incapable of action and of thought.

Later in the evening she was in her bedroom again, sitting with her hands in her lap, vacantly staring at the wall with its mustard-coloured roses on a buff ground, when two grinning waiters half carried, half hustled in Dick, gesticulating and talking incoherently. They helped him into bed; the elder one waited a moment, arms a-kimbo, till Dick fell suddenly asleep, and then said, cheerfully and reassuringly, "C'est ça, Madame," and withdrew.

Annette got up instinctively to go, too, but she remembered that she had nowhere to go, that it was close on midnight, that she was in her own room with which she had expressed herself satisfied, that she and her companion were passing at the hotel as husband and wife. She felt no horror, no sense of the irremediable folly she had committed. She stood a moment, and then drew the curtain and sat down by the window, looking out, as she had sat all the previous night in her little bedroom in her father's cabaret, out of which she had slunk like a thief as soon as it was light. Her spell-bound faculties were absorbed in one mental picture, which was to her the only reality, as the cobra is the only reality to the dove. She forgot where she was. She forgot the

heavy breathing of her companion, stirring uneasily in his sleep. She saw only, as she had seen all day, the smoking, hideous ruin of that wonderful castle of dreams which she had built, stone by stone, during the last year, into the secret chamber of which she had walled up that shy, romantic recluse, her heart; that castle of dreams in which she paced on a rainbow mosaic, which she had tapestried with ideals and prayers and aspirations, in the midst of which there was a shrine.

There was nothing left of it now, worse than nothing, only a smoking, evil-smelling hump of *débris*, with here and there a flapping rag of what had once been stately arras or cloth-of-gold. It had reeled and crashed down into the slime in a moment's space. The thunder of its fall had deafened her to all other noises; its smoke had blinded her to all other sights. Oh! why had she let herself be dissuaded from her only refuge against this unendurable vision seared in upon her brain? It had been agony. It would be agony again. If Dick had let her alone she would be at rest now, quite away from it all, her body floating down to the sea in the keeping of the kind, cool river and her outraged soul escaped—escaped. But she would do it still. She would creep away a second time at dawn, as soon as the house was stirring. There must be a river somewhere; if not a big river, a little one with deep pools. She would find it. And this time she would not let herself be dissuaded. This time she would drown herself if the water were only knee-deep. And her mind being made up, she gave a little sigh and leaned her aching forehead against the glass. The man in the bed stirred and feebly stammered out the word "Annette" once and again. But Annette did not hear him, and after a time he muttered and moved no more. And when the dawn came at last, it found Annette, who had watched for it wide-eyed all night, sunk down asleep with her head upon the sill.

CHAPTER III.

ANNETTE stirred at last when a shaft of sunlight fell upon her head. She sat up stiffly and stared round the unfamiliar chamber, with the low sun slanting across the floor and creeping up the bottom of the door. Nothing stirred. A chill silence made itself felt. The room seemed to be aware of something, to be beforehand with her. Some nameless instinct made her get up suddenly and go to the bed. Dick Le Geyt was lying on his back with his eyes wide open. There was a mute appeal in his sharp-featured face, sharper-featured than ever before, and in his thin, outstretched hands, with the delicate, nervous fingers crooked. He had needed help and he had not found it. He had perhaps called to her and she had not listened. She had been deaf to everything except herself. A sword seemed to pierce Annette's brain. It was as if some tight bandage were cleft and violently riven from it. She came shuddering to herself from out of the waking swoon of the last two days. Hardly knowing what she did, she ran out of the room and into the passage. But it must be very early yet. No one was a-foot. What to do next? She must rouse someone, and at once. But whom? She was about to knock at the nearest door when she heard a hurried movement within and the door opened.

A grey-haired woman in a dressing-gown looked out, the same whom she had seen the night before at dinner. "I thought I heard someone call," she said. "Is anything wrong?" Then, as Annette leaned, trembling, against the wall, "Can I be of any use?"

Annette pointed to her own door and the woman went in with her at once. She went instantly to the bed and bent over it. She touched the forehead, the wrist, with rapid business-like movements. She put her hand upon Dick's heart.

"Is he dead?" asked Annette.

"No," she said, "but he is unconscious, and he is very ill. It is some kind of seizure. When did your husband become like this?"

"I—don't know," said Annette.

The woman turned indignantly upon her. "You don't know! Yet, surely you sat up with him. You look as if you had been up all night."

"I sat up, but I did not look at him," said Annette. "I never thought he was ill."

The elder woman's cheek reddened at the callousness of Annette's words, as at a blow. She was silent for a moment, and then said, coldly, "We have only one thing to think of now, and that is how to save his life if it can be saved."

And in a moment, as it seemed to Annette, the house was awakened, and a doctor and a Sister of Mercy appeared and were installed at Dick's bedside. After a few hours consciousness came back intermittently, but Dick, so excitable the day before, took but little heed of what went on around him. When, at the doctor's wish, Annette spoke to him he looked at her without recognition.

The doctor was puzzled, and asked her many questions as to his condition on the previous day. She remembered that he had had a fall from his horse a day or two before, and had hurt his neck; and the doctor established some mysterious link between the accident and the illness, which he said had been terribly aggravated by drink. Had Monsieur taken much stimulant the night before? Yes, Monsieur had appeared to be intoxicated.

Mrs. Stoddart's steel eyes softened somewhat as she looked at Annette. She and the doctor noticed the extreme exhaustion from which she was suffering and exchanged glances. Presently Mrs. Stoddart took the girl to her own room, and helped her to undress, and made her lie down on her bed. "I will bring you your dressing-gown if you will tell me where it is."

"I don't know," said Annette, and then she reflected, and said, "I haven't any things with me."

"Not even a handkerchief?"

"I think not a handkerchief."

"How long is it since you have slept?"

"I don't know." These words seemed Annette's whole stock-in-trade.

Mrs. Stoddart frowned. "I can't have you ill on my hands too," she said, briskly; "one is enough." And she left the room, and presently came back with a glass with a few drops in it. She made Annette swallow them, and put a warm rug over her, and darkened the room.

And presently Annette's eyes closed, and the anguish of the last two days was lifted from her as a deft hand lifts a burden. She sighed and leaned her cheek against a pillow which was made of rest; and presently she was wandering in a great peace, in a wide meadow, beside a little stream whispering among its forget-me-nots. And across the white clover and the daisies and the little purple orchids came the feet of one who loved her. And they walked together beside the stream, the kind, understanding stream, he and she, he and she together. And all was well, all was well.

Many hours later Mrs. Stoddart and the doctor came and looked at her, and the doctor thrust out his under-lip.

"I can't bear to wake her," she said.

"One little half-hour then," he said, and went back to the next room.

Mrs. Stoddart sat down by the bed, and presently Annette, as if conscious of her presence, opened her eyes. "I see now," she said, slowly, looking at Mrs. Stoddart with the fixed gravity of a child. "I was wrong."

"How wrong, my dear?"

"Rivers are not meant for that, nor the little streams either. They are not meant to drown one's self in. They are meant to run and run, and for us to walk beside and pick forget-me-nots."

Mrs. Stoddart's scrutinising eyes filled with sudden tears. What tragedy was this into which she had thrust herself? She drew back the curtain, and let the afternoon light fall on Annette's face. Her eyelids trembled, and into her peaceful, rapt face distress crept slowly back. Mrs. Stoddart felt as if she had committed a crime. But there was another to think of besides Annette.

"You have slept?"

"Yes. I ought not to have gone to sleep while Dick was ill."

"You needed sleep."

"Is—he better?"

"He is somewhat better."

"I will go to him."

"He does not need you just now."

"Has the doctor found out what is the matter with him?"

"He thinks he has." Mrs. Stoddart spoke very slowly. "As far as I understand, there is a cerebral lesion, and it is possible that it may not be as serious as he thought at first. It may have been aggravated for the moment by drink, the effects of which are passing off. But there is always the risk—in this case a great risk—that the injury to the brain may increase. In any case his condition is very grave. His family ought to be communicated with at once."

Annette stared at her in silence.

"They must be summoned," said Mrs. Stoddart.

"But I don't know who they are," said Annette. "I don't even know his real name. He is called Mr. Le Geyt. It is the name he rides under."

Mrs. Stoddart reddened. She had had her doubts. "A wife should know her husband's name," she said.

"But, you see, I'm not his wife."

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Stoddart's eyes fell on Annette's wedding ring.

"That is nothing," said Annette. "Dick said I had better have one, and he bought it in a shop before we started. I think I'll take it off. I hate wearing it."

"No, no. Keep it on." There was another silence. "But you must know his address."

"No. I know he is often in Paris. But I have only met him at—at a cabaret."

"Could you trust me?" said Mrs. Stoddart, humbly.

Annette trembled, and her face became convulsed. "You are very kind," she said, "very kind. Getting the nurse, and helping, and this nice warm rug, and everything, but I'm afraid I can't trust anyone any more. I've left off trusting people."

CHAPTER IV.

It was the second day of Dick's illness. Annette's life had revived somewhat, though the long sleep had not taken the strained look from her eyes. But Mrs. Stoddart's fears for her were momentarily allayed. Tears were what she needed, and tears were evidently a long way off.

And Annette fought for the life of poor Dick as if he were indeed her bridegroom, and Mrs. Stoddart abetted her as if he were her only son. The illness was incalculable, abnormal. There were intervals of lucidity followed by long lapses into unconsciousness. There were hours in which he seemed to know them, but could neither speak nor move. There were times when it appeared as if the faint flame of life had flickered quite out, only to waver feebly up again.

Together the two women had searched every article of Dick's effects, but they could find no clue to his address or identity. Annette remembered that he had had a pocket-book, and seeing

him take a note out of it to pay for the tickets. But the pocket-book could not be found, nor any money. It was evident that he had been robbed that first evening when he was drinking. Some of his handkerchiefs were marked with four initials, "R. L. G. M."

"Richard Le Geyt M. Then he had another name as well," said Mrs. Stoddart. "You can't recall having ever heard it?"

Annette shook her head. "He is supposed to be an English lord," she said, "and very rich. And he rides his own horses, and makes and loses a great deal of money on the Turf. And he is peculiar, very depressed one year and very wild the next. That is all that people like us who are not his social equals know of him."

"I do not even know what *your* name is," said Mrs. Stoddart, tentatively, as she rearranged Dick's clothes in the drawers and took up a bottle of lotion which had evidently been intended for his strained neck.

"My name is Annette."

"Well, Annette, I think the best thing you can do is to write to your home and say that you are coming back to it immediately."

"I have no home."

Mrs. Stoddart was silent. Any information which Annette vouchsafed about herself always seemed to entail silence.

"I have made up my mind," Annette went on, "to stay with Dick till he is better. He is the only person I care a little bit about."

"No, Annette, you do not care for him. It is remorse for your neglect of him that makes you nurse him with such devotion."

"I do not love him," said Annette. "But then how could I? I hardly know him. But he meant to be kind to me. He was the only person who was kind. He tried to save me, though not in the right way. Poor Dick, he does not know much. But I must stay and nurse him till he is better. I can't desert him."

"My dear," said Mrs. Stoddart, impatiently, "that is all very well, but you cannot remain here without a scandal. It is different for an old woman like myself. And though we have not yet got into touch with his family, we shall directly. If I can't get a clue otherwise, I shall apply to the police. You must think of your own character."

"I do not care about my character," said Annette, in the same tone in which she might have said she did not care for black coffee.

"But I do," said Mrs. Stoddart to herself.

"And I have a little money," Annette continued; "at least, not much money, only a few louis, but I have these." And she drew out from her neck a row of pearls. They were not large pearls, but they were even and beautifully matched. "They were mother's," she said. "They will be enough for the doctor and the nurse and the hotel bill, won't they?"

Mrs. Stoddart put down the bottle of lotion and took the pearls in her hand and bent over them, trying to hide her amazement.

"They are very good," she said, slowly, "beautiful colour and shape." Then she raised her eyes and they fell once more on the bottle. "But what am I thinking of?" she said, sharply. "There is the clue I need staring me in the face. How incredibly stupid I am. There is the Paris chemist's name on it and the number of the prescription. I can wire to him for the address to which he sent the bottle."

"Dick has a valet at his address," said Annette, "and, of course, he would know all about his people."

"How do you know he has a valet?"

"He met Dick at the station with the luggage. He was to have come to Fontainebleau with him, but Dick sent him back at the last moment. I suppose because of—me."

"Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Yes; I watched Dick talking to him for several minutes. He would not go away at first. Perhaps he knew Dick was ill and needed care."

"Most likely. Did he see you?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"Quite certain."

"There is, then, one microscopic mercy to be thankful for—no one knows that you are here with Mr. Le Geyt?"

"No one; but I daresay it will be known presently," said Annette, apathetically.

"Not if I can prevent it," said Mrs. Stoddart to herself, as she put on her pince-nez and went out to telegraph to the chemist.

Annette went back to the bedside, and the Sister withdrew to the window and got out her breviary. Annette sat down and leaned her tired head against the pillow with something like envy of Dick's unconsciousness. Would a certain hideous picture ever be blotted out from her aching brain? Her only respite from it was when she could minister to Dick. He was her sole link with life, the one fixed point in a shifting quicksand. She came very near to loving him in these days. Presently he stirred and sighed, and opened his eyes. They wandered to the ceiling and then fell idly on her without knowing her, as they had done a hundred times. Then recognition slowly dawned in them, clear and grave. She raised her head, and they looked long at each other.

"Annette," he said, in a whisper, "I am sorry."

She tried to speak, but no words came.

"Often, often, when I have been lying here," he said, feebly, "I have been sorry, but I could never say so. Just when I saw your face clear I always went away again, a long way off. Would you mind holding my hand so that I may not be blown away again?"

She took it in both of hers and held it. There was a long silence. A faint colour fluttered in his leaden cheeks.

"I never knew such a wind," he said. "It's stronger than anything in the world, and it blows and blows, and I go hopping before it like a leaf. I have to go. I really can't stay."

"You are much better. You will soon be able to get up."

"I don't know where I am going, but I don't care. I don't want to get up. I'm tired, tired."

"You must not talk any more."

"Yes, I must. I have things to say. You are holding my hand tight, Annette?"

"Yes. Look, I have it safe in mine."

"I ought not to have brought you here. You were in despair and I took advantage of it. Can you forgive me, Annette?"

"Dear Dick. There is nothing to forgive. I was more to blame than you."

"It was instead of the Seine. That was the excuse I made to myself. But the wind blows it away. It blows everything away, everything, everything. . . . Don't be angry again like that, Annette. Promise me you won't. You were too angry and I took a mean advantage of it. . . . I once took advantage of a man's anger with a horse, but it brought me no luck. I thought I wouldn't do it again, but I did. And I haven't got much out of it this time either. I'm dying, or something like it. I'm going away for good and all. I'm so tired, I don't know how I shall ever get there."

"Rest a little, Dick. Don't talk any more now."

"I want to give you a tip before I go. An old trainer put me up to it, and he made me promise not to tell anyone, and I haven't till now. But I want to do you a good turn to make up for the bad one. He said he'd never known it fail, and I haven't either. I've tried it scores of times. When you're angry, Annette, look at a cloud." Dick's blue eyes were fixed with a great earnestness on hers. "Not just for a minute. Choose a good big one like a lot of cotton-wool, and go on looking at it while it moves. And the anger goes away. Sounds rot, doesn't it? But you simply can't stay angry. Seems as if everything were too small and fooling to matter. Try it, Annette. Don't look at water any more. That's no use. But a cloud—the bigger the better. . . . You won't drown yourself now, will you?"

"No."

"Annette rolling down to the sea over and over, knocking against the bridges. I can't bear to think of it. Promise me."

"I promise."

He sighed and his hand fell out of hers. She laid it down. The great wind of which he spoke had taken him once more, whither he knew not. She leaned her face against the pillow and longed that she too might be swept away whither she knew not.

The doctor came in and looked at them.

"Are his family coming soon?" he asked Mrs. Stoddart afterwards. "And Madame Le Geyt! Can Madame's mother be summoned? There has been some great shock. Her eyes show it. It is not only Monsieur who is on the verge of the precipice."

CHAPTER V.

TOWARDS evening Dick regained consciousness.

"Annette." That was always the first word.

"Here." That was always the second.

"I lost the way back," he said, breathlessly. "I thought I should never find it, but I had to come."

He made a little motion with his hand, and she took it.

"You must help me. I have no one but you."

His eyes dwelt on her. His helpless soul clung to hers, as hers did to his. They were like two shipwrecked people—were they not indeed shipwrecked—cowering on a raft together, alone, in the great ring of the sea?

"What can I do?" she said. "Tell me, and I will do it."

"I have made no provision for Mary or—the little one. I promised her I would when it was born. But I haven't done it. I thought of it when I fell on my head. But when I was better next day I put it off. I always put things off. . . . And it's not only Mary. There's Hulver and the Scotch property and all the rest. If I die without making a will it will all go to poor Harry." He was speaking rapidly, more to himself than to her. "And when Father was dying he said 'Roger ought to have it.' Father was a just man. And I like Roger, and he's done his duty by the place, which I haven't. He ought to have it. Annette, help me to make my will. I was on my way to the lawyer's to make it when I met you on the bridge."

Half-an-hour later in the waning day the notary arrived and Dick made his will in the doctor's presence. His mind was amazingly clear.

"Is he better?" asked Mrs. Stoddart of the doctor, as she and the nurse left the room.

"Better! It is the last flare up of the lamp," said the doctor.

"He is right when he says he shan't get back here again. He is riding his last race, but he is riding to win."

Dick rode for all he was worth, and urged the doctor to help him, to keep his mind from drifting away into the unknown. The old doctor thrust out his under-lip and did what he could. By Dick's wish Annette remained in the room, but he did not need her. His French was good enough. He knew exactly what he wanted. The notary was intelligent and brought with him a draft for Dick's signature. Dick dictated and whispered earnestly to him.

"Oui, oui," said the notary at intervals. "Parfaitement. Monsieur peut se fier à moi."

At last it was done, and Dick, panting, had made a kind of signature, his writing dwindling down to a faint scrawl after the words Richard Le Geyt, which were fairly legible.

The doctor attested it.

"She must witness it too," said Dick, pointing to Annette.

The notary glanced at the will, realised that she was not a legatee, and put the pen in her hand, showing her where to sign.

"Madame will write here." He indicated the place under his own crabbed signature. She wrote mechanically her full name, *Annette Georges*.

"But, Madame," said the notary, bewildered: "Is not then Madame's name the same as Monsieur's?"

"Madame is so lately married that she sometimes signs her old name by mistake," said the doctor, smiling sadly. He took a pained interest in the young couple, especially in Annette.

"I am not Monsieur's wife," said Annette.

The notary stared, bowed, and gathered up his papers. The doctor busied himself with the sick man, spent and lived on his pillow.

"Approach, then, Madame," he said with a great respect. "It is you Monsieur needs." And he withdrew with the notary.

Annette groped her way to the bed. The room had become very dark. The floor rose in long waves beneath her feet, but she managed to reach the bed and sink down beside it. What matter now if she were tired. She had done what he asked of her. She had not failed him. What matter if she sank deeper still, down and down, as she was sinking now.

"Annette." Dick's voice was almost extinct.

"Here."

"The wind is coming again. Across the sea, across the mountains, over the plains. It is the wind of the desert. Can't you hear it?"

She shook her head. She could hear nothing but his thin thread of voice.

"I am going with it, and this time I shan't come back. Good-bye, Annette."

"Good-bye, Dick."

His eyes dwelt on hers, with a mute appeal in them. The forebreath of the abyss was upon him, the shadow of "the outer dark."

She understood, and kissed him on the forehead with a great tenderness, and leaned her cold cheek against his. And as she stooped she heard the mighty wind of which he spoke. Its rushing filled her ears, it filled the little chamber where those two poor things had suffered together, and had in a way ministered to each other. And the sick room with its gilt mirror and its tawdry wallpaper, and the evil picture never absent from Annette's brain, stooped and blended into one, and wavered together as a flame wavers in a draught; and then together vanished away.

"The wind is taking us both," Annette thought, as her eyes closed.

(To be continued.)

THE TOBY-JUG.

Little green man in a braided coat

With a spotted kerchief about your throat,

Your hat askew as you take your ease,

A tiny tankard upon your knees;

What magician enticed you here,

Did you drink a measure of magic beer?

Were you sitting asleep in the ingle nook,

Like Farmer Giles in a picture book?

Or did you slander the local sprite

And forget to pay him his dole one night;

When he cleaned the dairy and swept the floor

Did you hide the key of the pantry door?

Perhaps you were foolish and young and rich

To tempt the greed of an evil witch,

Who married your money and you as well,

And you're waiting for someone to break the spell.

Little green man, you've had long to wait

And you're growing remarkably out of date,

Still, as a toby you're rather fine

And hardly expensive at six-and-nine!

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD.



A FRIESLAND SHEPHERD.

FOXES, FARMERS AND FIELDS.

LIKE many convenient fictions, "that fox-hunting exists for the purpose of killing foxes" is still kept up by those interested in the sport, and the eagerness with which the destruction of the individual animal hunted is pursued might well deceive the uninitiated observer. In speaking of the subject, the form of expression known as the "Irish bull" would seem almost unavoidable. Take, for instance, the saying that has become proverbial, "The more foxes you kill the more you will have," which, of course, means that if the hunting establishment fail to kill foxes, someone else will be sure to help them. With equal truth it might be said that if there were no hounds to kill them there would be no foxes to kill, and this view, in regard to all animals of the chase, might be recommended to the humanitarian and anti-sport agitator.

A problem would seem to have been set to the Eastbourne Hunt lately by a resident in the country who has not only announced his intention of destroying all the foxes within his own bounds, but would seem to have gone into the matter in a wholesale and certainly original way by advertising that he will give a substantial price for foxes shot and brought to him.

It is presumed, I suppose, that all will be shot on ground over which the shooter has rights, though this is not mentioned in the advertisement, and it is difficult to say what the legal aspect would be in case this were not so. That such a state of affairs should arise is much to be regretted, and without knowing very fully the facts of the case from the beginning, it would be ill-advised to discuss it in detail; but



THE VULPICIDE.

one might be permitted to say a few words on what sometimes leads up to such situations.

A good Master of Hounds knows how little is often required to make either a friend or an enemy in his country, and the wise Master devotes a great deal of his attention to making the former. But it does not all lie with the Master; however much he may do personally, he cannot be everywhere or answerable for the words or acts of a large field. Some people who come out hunting, often those who only come to the country to hunt, and whose personal knowledge of the country, its ways and its people is very slight, are very remiss in the way of helping to keep things going sweetly. They think, "Oh, our Master's a popular chap; he can look after the farmers," considering that when they have paid a fairly liberal subscription their responsibility ends. But this is not so; it is the duty of all hunting in a country to acquaint themselves as much as possible with the people and the things of that country. The old story of the Master from town who shouted to his field, "Hold hard!—er—beans—or something, I think," is typical of a good many followers of hounds. Much unnecessary damage is done through ignorance; others, no doubt, cannot even claim this indulgence. There are occasions when hounds are running hard, and to live with them requires a man to ride as straight as he can, and one admires the man who can ride straight at such a time; but if he is a really good sportsman, there are certain things other than fences which will cause him to turn from the straight line, such as beans—small holdings, allotment ground or any place subject to much damage, and many other cases where to disregard the nature of the crop not only proves the ignorance of the



A MOONLIGHT RAID.



MORE MUD THAN GRATITUDE.



EVERYONE'S FRIEND.

rider, but may make an enemy for the Hunt and cause trouble and loss to everyone, innocent and guilty alike. Again, there are the sins of omission as well as commission, and one of the most common is omission of politeness to the various people met during a day's hunting. It is well to remember that most of those we see about the fields on a hunting day are connected with, it may be rent or own, the land over which we are riding, and nearly all those people are being put to some trouble, if not expense, through the Hunt passing their way, and yet there are hunting people who much more often give splashes than thanks to the person who opens a gate for them, and will "damn!" the farmer who points out where the gate of his yard is, preferring to break the fence alongside. A case came under my notice lately when a follower of a certain pack of hounds threatened to horsewhip a boy who holloed a fox away. Possibly he did holloa in his face. I do not know; but what of it? He was only a boy, and he chanced to be a son of the farmer whose fields ran round one of the most constantly used coverts in the Hunt. Naturally, the father was very angry, and threatened all kinds of interdicts, and no doubt, had he not been a good sportsman at heart and a good friend of the Master, there would have been serious trouble resulting. Possibly this may seem the wrong end of the season to address such a homily to hunting people, as memories are short; but the fact of the country being particularly soft and spring coming on makes care more than usually necessary at this time, and these notes may help to remind some few that to farmers and those connected with the land we owe almost everything that makes hunting possible, and that among farmers there are, in their way, many good sportsmen, and many more who do more for the sport—though they may never get upon a horse—than any of those who adorn the pigskin in all the glory of pink and leather. G.



SOME years before 1388, when that heroic fighter, James Earl of Douglas and Mar, died on the field of Chevy Chase, he granted the barony of Drumlanrig to his son, Sir William, who thus became first Douglas of Drumlanrig. From then until now eighteen generations descended from him have held it through more than five centuries, albeit the male line has been broken. It does not appear that the first laird of Drumlanrig found a castle on his barony, but he must have built one. He played an interesting part in the politics of his day. When the English carried to France James I., then their prisoner, Douglas went with his Sovereign, and was rewarded with knighthood when James was crowned King of Scotland in 1424. In the time of the fifth laird we hear of the Castle of Drumlanrig, mentioned in a deed of 1492. The sixth, Sir William, fell at Flodden after a successful and stormy life. From 1513 until 1578 Drumlanrig was ruled by Sir James, who was not only active during a long life in adding to the family lands, but "beildit the hail hous and pallice of Drumlanrig." It is impossible to fix the date of this building, but it seems reasonable to guess that it was done after the great English raid of 1549. Lord Wharton descended on Durisdeer, the parish of Drumlanrig, and carried off near five hundred of the Douglas cattle and sheep, a vigorous reply to the Scottish raids which so often troubled the Northern Counties of England. Two years earlier Wharton had stolen five thousand head in partnership with one Latymer, an enemy

of the Douglasses, who suffered on the gallows in 1552 for this traitorous alliance with the English. Perhaps James thought it was high time to build himself a stronger hold for the protection of his great estate. Of this "pallice" nothing remains but a cellar in the existing castle, but it must have deserved its name, for James VI. stayed there in 1603. These English raids were part of the struggle between the Earls of Angus and Lennox, and Douglas was on the side of the latter. Nearly twenty years later he was ranged against Mary Queen of Scots at Carberry, and induced the Regent to save Berregles House, which belonged to Lord Herries, a nephew of Douglas. The Queen was very bitter at the opposition of Sir James, and described him, with others, in the sounding phrase "hell houndis, bludy tyrantis without saullis or feir of God." Old Drumlanrig, as he was called, swam through a sea of troubles almost till his life's end, for he was a prisoner in 1572 and lost his eldest son a year later. He died in 1578, leaving the house of Drumlanrig far greater in lands, riches and power than he found it, and was followed by his grandson, another Sir James. He inherited the aptitude for turbulent doings, but seems to have died in his bed, and his son, ninth Laird of Drumlanrig, carried the family two steps further by securing a viscounty in 1628 and the Earldom of Queensberry in 1633.

James, second Earl, succeeded in 1640, and followed the standard of Charles I. in the Civil War. Here we get into touch with the Maxwells, whose home, Pollok House, was described



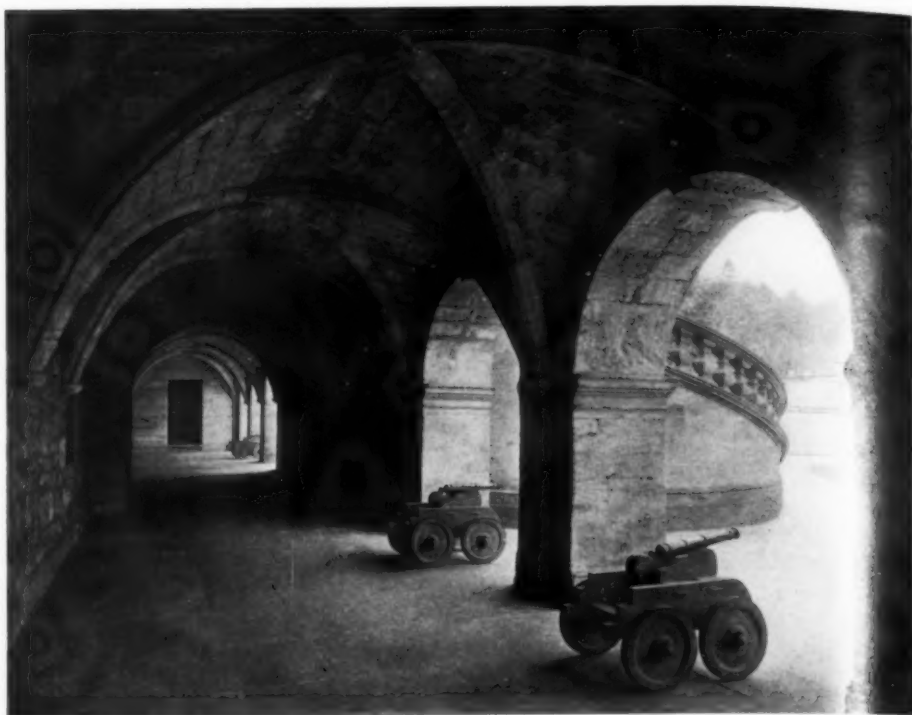


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THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF TERRACE,

"C.L."

in COUNTRY LIFE of January 25th, 1913. Sir George Maxwell was on the side of the Parliament, and attacked Drumlanrig in 1650. The gates were burned, the estate harried and the tenantry ruined. After the Restoration Maxwell and his friends had to pay two thousand pounds for the damage they had done, and a queer correspondence passed between Maxwell and Viscount Drumlanrig, which the curious may read in Dr. Ramage's story of Drumlanrig. The second Earl died in 1671, and doubtless left the castle the worse for Maxwell's raid. William, the third Earl, razed it to the ground about 1675, and soon after began the great building which is the subject of our pictures. He served in many high offices, and Charles II. made him Duke in 1684. When James succeeded to the throne and sought to relax the penal laws against Roman Catholics the Duke retired into private life, and died in 1695. Part of his leisure was spent in finishing his great building works at Drumlanrig. We may dismiss at once the ridiculous legend that Inigo Jones had any hand in its design, for he had been dead nearly thirty years. One Lukup was master of the works, and it is likely that he and the Duke between them devised the main outlines of the castle. It is improbable, however, that Lukup could have designed the good classical detail of the entrance front. There are records to show that two Dutch stone carvers were sent in 1686 to Drumlanrig Castle from Kinross House, which was designed by Sir William Bruce. Bruce was politician as well



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UNDERCROFT OF NORTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as architect, and must have known Queensberry well. Nothing is more likely, therefore, than that he should have been asked to design the main front in the full Renaissance manner which he had himself introduced into Scotland, but there is no direct evidence that this is true. It is quite obvious, from the way that characteristic Scottish details like cannon gargoyles are

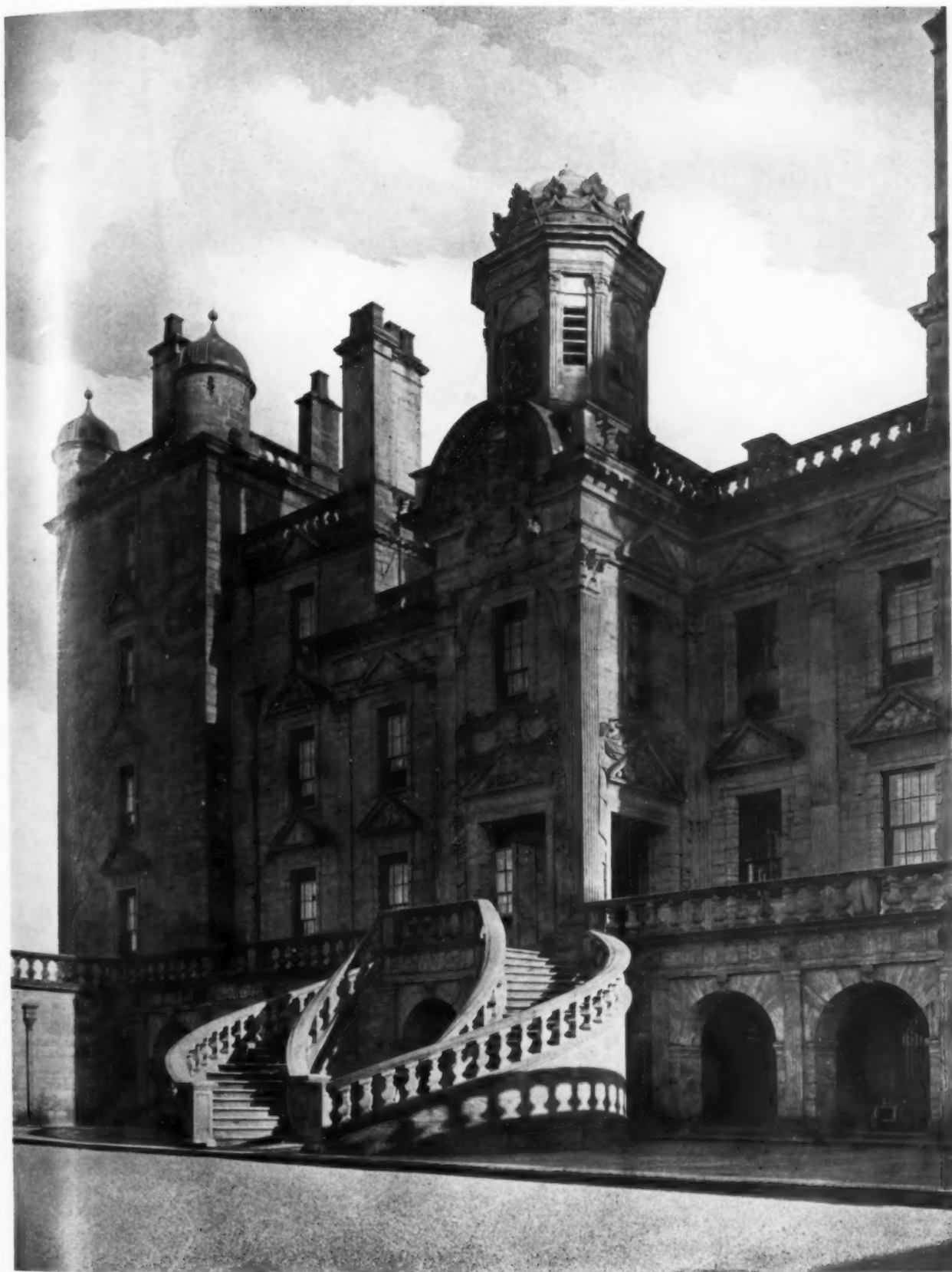


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TERRACE AND STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE GREAT ENTRANCE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mingled with scholarly Renaissance detail, that the original idea was to build in a purely native manner, and that the classical feeling was imported somewhat as an after-thought. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the undercroft of the north terrace, where the vaulting is Gothic in character. The approach of more advanced ideas in house design is shown by the internal corridors, which run north and south, and overlook the courtyard. They represent a marked advance on the earlier practice of intercommunicating rooms.

The castle is built round a courtyard as a great parallelogram, one hundred and forty-six feet by one hundred and twenty feet. Carried on a vaulted arcade on the north side

and level with the principal floor there is a terrace, which is approached by a double circular staircase. The original stairs were destroyed, but rebuilt from their first design. The entrance hall, now closed, was once divided from the courtyard only by an arcade. Immediately facing this arcade, on the other side of the court and leading to the dining-room, was a fine doorway, which is now inside the chapel built comparatively recently within the courtyard. Queensberry had a taste for dating his work. As each floor was completed, the year of its building was cut on the stair turrets in the corner of the courtyard. These records show that it took ten years to get from the bottom storey of the north-east tower, in 1679, to the top storey, in 1689.



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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ON THE ROOF: LOOKING NORTHWARDS.

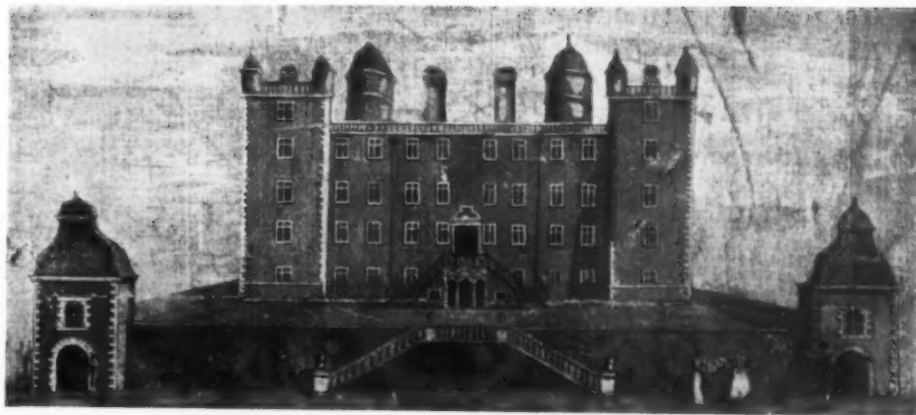
"COUNTRY LIFE."

The north-west tower does not seem to have been begun until 1684, but it was finished in 1688. Nothing could be more impressive than the way the castle sits squarely on its great site. It has a character peculiarly its own, from the fact that it is built of a fine pink sandstone, which has weathered freely. Some work was done for the interior either by Grinling Gibbons or by one of his pupils. The old drawing-room on the north front used to be adorned with the characteristic carved panels now illustrated, which have since been moved to the present dining-room and drawing-room. The castle contains some fine examples of late seventeenth century and early eighteenth century furniture, three pieces of which are now illustrated. The chair with the stuffed back is in the full manner of William III., and has retained its original rose-coloured damask. The legs are almost exactly like those of the famous walnut chair owned by the Duke of Devonshire, and of the similar chairs at Hampton Court, near Leominster. The peculiar feature of the Drumlanrig example is the carved wave scroll at the top of the front half of the stretcher.

The other chair is of a slightly earlier type, and belongs, probably, to the later years of Charles II., though the same style continued into William III.'s reign. That this belongs to the later development of the type is shown by the more marked curve of the legs and the more open character of the scrolls of the front rail. The cherubs, crowns, etc., characteristic of the earlier Charles II. chairs are also absent. The seat has not only lost its original cover, but also its original shape, and the fringe prevents the scrollwork being seen properly.

The couch, which is associated at Drumlanrig with the name of Queen Anne, is a very interesting piece. That Sovereign was somewhat fond of discharging her gratitude by the gift of pieces of furniture, as in the case of Sir Christopher Wren, but it is unlikely that she had anything more to do with this couch than to sit on it. It may well have been made during her reign, and the back is especially suggestive of such a date. The upholstery is almost certainly Scottish and shows some French influence. The great appliqué decoration on the back and on the bolster is uncommon as an addition to a patterned material. It is altogether a most unusual piece.

Gardens were doubtless laid out at the same time as the castle was built, but their plan and treatment were considerably altered by the late Duke. An old sheet of drawings of the castle, which must date from early in the eighteenth century, has been preserved. A part of it, now reproduced, shows that the plateau on the south side of the castle was finished by a terrace with garden-houses at the corners and a double stairway at the lower level. This characteristic piece of Scottish garden architecture has unfortunately disappeared. Another plan, dating from 1739, has survived, which was taken from an older drawing signed by David Low,



SOUTH FRONT: FROM EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAWING.

then gardener to the Duke. At that date the garden-houses were still standing. The plan is so interesting that it is now reproduced. Peter Rae, a minister who wrote a history of Durisdeer before 1740, was concerned to point out what may



OLD EXTERNAL DOORWAY FROM COURT TO DINING-ROOM, NOW IN CHAPEL.

still be seen, viz., that the regular gardens make nine square plots of ground, of which the house occupies one, the forecourt another, and the kitchen garden a third. The other six are laid out for flowers in various intricate geometrical designs.

As the ground slopes considerably to the south, some of these squares are on different levels, and must have occasioned a vast amount of excavation and levelling. From the three western divisions, the land drops to the Marburn, and although the course of the stream did not allow this part of the garden to be set out on wholly rectangular lines, balance has been preserved in its design.

As will be seen from one of the pictures taken from the roof, a great avenue stretches away northwards from the forecourt. The last Douglas Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q.," laid a heavy hand on the woods of Drumlanrig, but after Henry Duke of Buccleuch entered into possession of the estate, in 1810, he and his descendants began to plant again, and the ancient beauty of the policies has been restored.

The building of the castle, the first Duke, only lived six years after his great home was finished, and seems to have repented having embarked on so large an undertaking. It is said that he endorsed the bundle of building accounts with the bitter observation: "The Deil pyke out his een, wha looks herein." Certain it is that he was for the time impoverished, for a letter exists from his Duchess, imploring a kinsman to send her a small sum to buy a silk gown, as she was penniless. When the Duke died, in 1695, he was succeeded by his son James, in whose life the most notable and equally the obscurest passage was the queer conspiracy into which that arch-intriguer, Simon Fraser, led him. This Duke had earned the passionate hatred of the Jacobite Scottish lords, who called him the "Proto-Rebel." He was the first Scotsman to desert James for William of Orange, despite the fact that he was one of the hereditary foes of the Covenant and all it implied. Although he had served under "Bonnie Dundee" as lieutenant-colonel, he fought against him on William's behalf. When Anne became Queen he was continued in his important office of Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, and was joined with Lord Cromartie in the Secretaryship of State. He seems, however, to have shown enough complaisance towards the Jacobites to make the exiled Chevalier hope something from him. In August, 1702, he got a message that a person had come from France with important information of value to Queen Anne, and



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IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



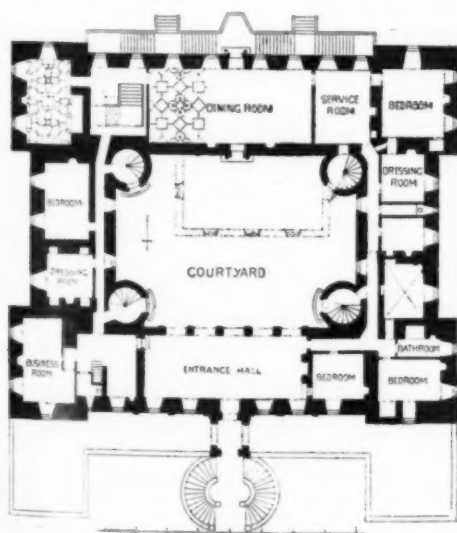
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CARVED PANEL BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

that he demanded money and a safe-conduct. The visitor was the redoubtable Simon Fraser himself. Queensberry's loyalty to Queen Anne had never wavered; and he was anxious to break the Duke of Atholl. Fraser offered him the means. He brought a letter, said to have been written by Mary of

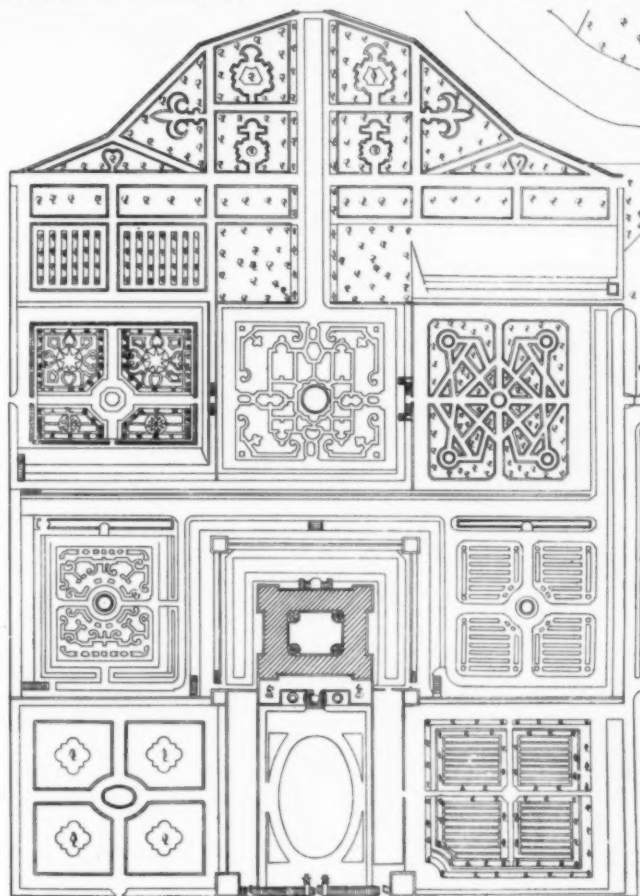
Modena to Atholl, which indicated the existence of a Jacobite plot. Probably the letter was genuine enough, but intended for someone else, and Fraser had forged the superscription. Queensberry seems to have been hoodwinked, and felt that any stick was good enough to use on the Atholl dog. He told Queen Anne of what was forward, and



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Dr. Thomas Ross.)

paid Simon Fraser to go back to France and spy on the Jacobites. Unfortunately for the scheme, Fraser blabbed to Robert Ferguson, who told the innocent Atholl, and he pricked the bubble. This put Queensberry in an awkward corner. Plotting there may have been, but Atholl was not in it. Queensberry's enemies were not slow



THE GARDEN PLAN OF 1739.

to say that he and Simon Fraser were a pair of scoundrels, who had concocted this sham plot to serve their private ends and ruin a blameless man. Queensberry was doubtless himself the dupe of Simon Fraser, but the whole business had an ugly look, and he wisely retired into private life for a time. His friendship with the Duke of Argyll brought him back a year later as Lord Privy Seal, in which post his natural astuteness enabled him to use Argyll as "the monkey did the cat in pulling out the hot roasted chestnuts." Queensberry's greatest claim to fame is to be sought in the part he played in the Parliamentary Union of Scotland and England. There were violent riots in the streets and fierce opposition in the Scottish House, but the Duke won through. Had he not been "of lazy, easy temper," as Lockhart says, and "apt to be influenced by those about him," as Mackay wrote, Queensberry might have left a greater reputation. As it was, he practically ruled Scotland for ten years—in itself no small achievement.

The third Duke is best known by his wife, Lady Catherine Hyde, whom he married in 1720. As eccentric as she was fair, the Duchess amused rather than scandalised the society of her day. Some of her freaks do not sound very entertaining now, and although Horace Walpole was her friend in later life, some of her earlier escapades drew from him the plain comment, "A course of folly makes one very sick." She was a Scotswoman only by marriage, but one of her poses was to wear the clothes of a Scots peasant woman, even when she went to Court, a proceeding which, naturally enough, annoyed the Queen. Her friendship with Gay and her support of him in his unpopular



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A CAROLINE CHAIR.

"C.L."



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AN ORIGINAL COVERING.

"C.L."

dramatic ventures led to her banishment from Court, and the Duke supported his wife with so whole a heart that he resigned all his appointments. The Duchess's correspondence with Dean Swift is one of the curiosities of literature, but we must pass to her connection with Drumlanrig Castle, where she spent much of her time. On one occasion when she gave a ball there and the band had begun playing, she declared that a headache made the noise unbearable. All dancing was stopped, to the great annoyance of the guests. Her son, Lord Drumlanrig, however, was equal to the occasion and his mother's whim. Seizing the armchair in which the Duchess was seated, he dragged it round the ballroom several times, assuring her that only thus could her headache be cured. She saw the humour of the situation, admitted the efficacy of the cure, and the dance proceeded. Her lively habits did not veil the real shrewdness of her character. There is a sound philosophy in this extract from one of her letters: "If anybody has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and everything, except a day younger than I am, and that is a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy." Her prescription seems to have worked, for "well and handsome" she continued until her death at the age of seventy-seven. Neither of the two sons of the Duke Charles survived him, and on his death, in 1778, William, third Earl of March and Ruglen, succeeded him as Duke and Marquess of Queensberry. The exploits of "Old Q." are too well known to be set out again here. On his death, in 1820, his Earldom of March devolved on the Earl of Wemyss, his Marquessate and Earldom of Queensberry went to Sir Charles Douglas, and the Dukedom to Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch, to whose descendant it is now held.

LAWRENCE WESTER.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE GLOSSY IBIS.

A GOOD many of these rare British birds have occurred in England this winter, and, as nearly always happens in almost every instance where the unfortunates have appeared, they have been incontinently shot. The thirst for rare specimens is, of course, accountable for these untimely massacres; nothing seems to check this lamentable but perhaps not unnatural instinct. If the glossy ibis were, like the bittern, a bird which formerly bred, and would, with adequate protection, again breed in these islands, the thing would be even more deplorable. This species has, however, apparently never nested in Britain within historic times, and the individuals that appear and are shot are mere casual wanderers which alight on our shores from time to time, and in the natural course of events would make themselves to the Continent again. Nevertheless, it is a deplorable thing that these unfortunate birds cannot be

useful to those engaged in the study of birds, who would probably have no other opportunity of identifying this species.

DISTRIBUTION OF THIS IBIS.

The glossy ibis wanders far over the warmer regions of the world's surface, being found in North Africa, where it nests, and extending its range down the East of the Continent to South Africa and Madagascar. It is well known in Asia, where it ranges as far East as China. Australasia, the Malayan Islands and the Eastern United States are other regions where it is met with. It is common in Spain, nesting in large colonies in the Andalusian marshes. It breeds also in great colonies in the marshlands of Slavonia. Beyond the Alps its migrations are irregular, but it has been identified so far North as the Faeroes, Iceland, Scandinavia and the Baltic Provinces. Adult specimens of this bird measure as much as twenty-two inches. The coloration is brownish black on the upper parts, glossed with metallic greens and purples. The head, neck and under parts are deep reddish brown. The long, curved bill is dark brown, the legs and feet are bronze brown. Glossy ibises



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DRUMLANRIG CASTLE: THE "QUEEN ANNE" COUCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

suffered to wander where they list, and thereby add a further charm to our marshes and estuaries.

PREVIOUS OCCURRENCES.

The glossy ibis has long been recognised in the British bird list. During the eighteenth century it seems to have been well known on the East Coast, and near Lynn in Norfolk was familiar to the professional wildfowlers as the "black curlew." In Scotland its occurrences have been much rarer than in England; in Ireland some thirty or more examples have been obtained at different times. During the winter of 1902 a small flock made its appearance in the marshes of East Sussex, and some seven specimens were unfortunately shot near Rye and Pevensey. Two other examples were obtained about the same time in localities so far apart as Herefordshire and the Scilly Isles. In the same winter a specimen was also seen on the river Shannon, while another was shot in 1903 in County Galway. In 1909 several occurred in Yorkshire, of which at least three were killed. It is to be said upon the part of those who shoot these birds that some at least of the specimens secured make their final appearance in local museums, and are therefore

are very numerous in South Europe, as they nest in vast colonies; it is therefore probable that for many years to come occasional wanderers, and even small troops, will continue to visit our shores at intervals. The species is in danger of extinction.

SUSSEX PEREGRINES.

These grand falcons, I am glad to say, still frequent the great chalk cliffs of East Sussex, as they have done for long centuries, and make their eyries there. I seldom take a walk between Beachy Head and Rottingdean without seeing a pair or two of these splendid birds pursuing their swift and magnificent flight, or sitting on some high coign of vantage on the tall cliffs. I wish I could say that in these abiding-places they could always find security for their eggs and young. This, thanks to the rapacity of egg-collectors and others, is, unfortunately, not always possible. The eyries have for years been systematically plundered, the eggs stolen for collections and the young nestlings for sale to falconers, the vendor getting about a sovereign for each eyess. Occasionally the old birds bring off a second brood, and in one or two places the nest is sometimes so situated as to be inaccessible to the most

expert cliff-climber, who has, of course, to be lowered by a rope. Last spring, thanks to the energy of a local natural history society and the munificence of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, a watcher was stationed along the cliffs between Beachy Head and Seaford Head, one of the most favoured haunts of peregrines along the English coast-line. The watcher performed his duties so well that three pairs of the falcons nested and brought off their young on this stretch of chalk cliff. It may be hoped that this successful experiment will be again repeated, and that other parts of the English Coast where peregrines still have their haunts may in time be protected during the breeding season in a similar manner. Peregrines are extraordinarily faithful to their ancient nesting sites, and notwithstanding the fact that they are robbed

of their eggs or young season after season, they yet maintain their attachment, and with each succeeding spring attempt once more to replenish the world with young examples of their species. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has done, and is constantly doing, excellent work in these and other directions. It is a society which deserves every aid and encouragement, and although already well supported, will, one hopes, succeed in annually gaining plenty of new adherents. It is, of course, owing to the generosity of this society in maintaining watchers that the great pebble beach of Dungeness is now so well protected. There the terns nest in peace, and Kentish plovers and stone curlews have in a few years been restored from the lowest possible ebb to numbers somewhat approaching their former plenty.

H. A. BEYDEN.

THE NEW POINT-TO-POINT RULES.

AT the present time the relations between hunting-men and the National Hunt Committee are considerably strained, owing to the arbitrary manner in which the National Hunt Committee have interfered with point-to-point racing. The attitude adopted by the latter is a little difficult to understand, and it is not altogether surprising that the question is being asked whether they have any right to interfere at all. As to this, it should be borne in mind that the National Hunt Committee were originally a self-constituted body which was brought into existence in order to control what may be termed the professional branch of steeplechasing. They have no statutory powers, and for certain reasons are not such a powerful body as the Jockey Club. But they are in a position to grant a monopoly of steeplechasing to certain race-course companies for the purpose of earning dividends, in return for which the latter agree to be bound by any rules and regulations which the National Hunt Committee may think fit to make. The promoters of point-to-point meetings, on the other hand, are on an entirely different footing. Their races are purely



W. A. Rouch.

A SATISFACTORY FENCE.

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the non-hunting farmers for allowing them to ride over their land during the hunting season.

Point-to-point people require no monopoly and receive no privileges at the hands of the National Hunt Committee. It is therefore a little difficult to see why the latter should interfere with the sport at all. But assuming their right to do so, what should be exercised in a reasonable manner, and not in such a way as to cause irritation, which cannot fail in the end to be harmful to steeplechasing and point-to-point racing alike. What has happened in the present instance appears to be this: Some years ago the National Hunt Committee framed certain general rules for the conduct of point-to-point meetings. Although many of these rules were unnecessary, they were comparatively harmless, and when supplemented by special conditions framed by the promoters of point-to-point meetings, who were on the spot, and knew far better than anybody else what was really required, enabled the meetings to be conducted with success. Every effort was made to comply with the general regulations of the National Hunt Committee. The special conditions were duly submitted to Weatherby's every year before the races were held, and were either



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A DOUBLE.

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expressly or tacitly approved; and, so far as can be ascertained, in no instance did the National Hunt Committee ever complain to a Hunt, a club or a regiment that their point-to-point races were not being properly conducted.

amateur affairs and are carried on not for the purpose of profit, but in order to give an afternoon's amusement to the members of a Hunt, a club or a regiment and their friends, and, in the case of a Hunt, in order to enable its members to make some return to

Matters proceeded in this way until a short time ago, when, owing to the growing popularity of point-to-point racing, the secretaries of some of the smaller gate-money meetings came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that point-to-point racing was interfering with sport under National Hunt Rules. Whether the subsequent action of the National Hunt Committee was due to this

conclusion or not it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that, without any warning to the secretaries of point-to-point meetings, entirely new rules for the restriction of point-to-point racing were drafted and sent to the Masters of Hounds Association in the course of last year. These new rules were of a most drastic character and had apparently been drafted without any regard to the practical side of the sport and the conditions under which farming is at present carried on. If they had been passed without any modification, the result would have been that in many counties point-to-point racing would have ceased to exist, as the regulations as to courses, in particular, could not have been complied with in these days of wire and small holdings.

The Masters of Hounds Association, however, succeeded in securing certain modifications which have saved the existence of point-to-points, but fall very much short of what the majority of the Masters of Hounds desired; and the rules, even as modified, are regarded by point-to-point people generally as arbitrary and unreasonable. The rules to which exception is particularly taken are those relating to courses and to the number of races to be run. Rule 7, for instance, says that no point-to-point meeting shall be held over the same course more than once in two years unless it be found impossible to provide a fresh course. This will mean that many Hunts which have gone to great expense in maintaining and perfecting their present courses will be put to all the trouble, inconvenience and extra expense of providing a second course, which may turn out a failure when provided. No one has been able to give any good reason why this rule should have been framed, and there is every reason, from a practical point of view, why it should be dropped.

Again, Rule 8 prohibits more than four races being run on any one day, and dictates to the promoters of these meetings what kind



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A DANGEROUS GAP.

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of races there shall be, viz., two at least for members or farmers of the particular Hunt promoting the meeting, and of the remainder, one steeplechase may be open (1) to adjoining Hunts, of which the aforesaid Hunt shall be one; (2) for horses or their owners nominated by the Masters of Hounds; (3) to one or more regiments, including Yeomanry; or (4) under exceptional

circumstances and with the special permission of the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee to some other society.

This limitation of the number of races seems unreasonable in the extreme, and as regards the special conditions of these races, surely the members of each particular Hunt are the best judges of what these conditions should be.

Further, under Rule 12, regiments, clubs and other societies which have hitherto held point-to-point meetings are now forbidden to have any open races, so that the general effect of these rules is to do away with certain old-established open races and, in many cases, to prevent the meetings being held at all. For certain Hunts are so situated that they cannot avail themselves of either the Master's Nomination Race or the race for adjoining Hunts, and there are packs of harriers which have hitherto held successful meetings, but which have so few members or farmers that without open races they cannot get up an afternoon's sport. Moreover, Rule 8 bears with especial hardship upon regiments which hitherto have run their point-to-points in conjunction with certain Hunts. This plan has worked well in the past when the number of races was unlimited; but now that the number is limited to four, a regimental race can only be obtained if a Hunt is willing to sacrifice one of its Hunt races for the benefit of the regiment.

There are other rules of an unpractical character, with which, however, it is unnecessary to deal here; but mention may be made of the disciplinary and penal clauses at the end. Rule 14, for instance, runs as follows: "Any horse having run at a point-to-point meeting which has not been sanctioned as above shall be perpetually disqualified for all races to which National Hunt Rules apply, and the rider and owner of such horse shall be disqualified persons for one year."



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TAKING NO RISKS.

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Rule 15: "The Stewards of the National Hunt Committee shall have absolute power to refuse their sanction to a point-to-point meeting if these regulations are not adhered to, and should there be any violation of the regulations, either before or during the progress of the meeting, to cancel it, and proclaim the meeting an 'unrecognised one,' when regulation 14 will apply; they shall also have power to withhold their sanction indefinitely if it is brought to their notice that the steeplechases in a previous year were not run according to the true spirit of a point-to-point."

This is putting a pistol to the heads of the promoters of point-to-point meetings with a vengeance; and when one reflects on the highly respectable country gentlemen, general officers and judges of the High Court who figure as members of point-to-point committees, and whose one aim and object has hitherto been to comply with the existing regulations, the language used in these regulations seems almost ludicrous. But, seriously, the greatest injustice may result if these rules are persisted in. No definition is given of what the expression "the true spirit of a point-to-point" really means, and nobody seems to know. But the result may possibly be that good sportsmen, who are perfectly innocent of any intention of wrong-doing, may find themselves posted as "disqualified persons" because the National Hunt Committee subsequently decide that the meetings in which they have taken part have not been conducted according to the "true spirit of a point-to-point." It is to be hoped, however, that when these rules come to be reconsidered, the Masters of Hounds Association may succeed in inducing the National Hunt Committee to modify them. More than seventy-five per cent. of the Masters who have expressed an opinion on the subject are opposed to them. They realise, what apparently the National Hunt Committee do not, that in many countries the welfare of hunting is bound up with point-to-point racing, and any attempt to strike at the latter will injure not only amateur sport,

but hunting as well. It is common knowledge in the country that practically the only return the non-hunting farmer receives for allowing people to ride over his land is the invitation to himself, his wife and family to the point-to-point races and the hospitalities connected therewith; and the opinion is being generally expressed that if point-to-point racing is given up, hunting is sure to suffer. Moreover, point-to-point racing is a particularly clean and healthy form of sport which appeals especially to hunting-men. The latter, as a rule, have no ambition to ride under National Hunt Rules, and, even if they felt inclined to, are generally much too heavy to do so with success. It is surely a mistake to deprive any members of this class of the opportunities they have hitherto enjoyed of taking part in an innocent form of sport and, at the same time, of making some return to the non-hunting farmer for the privileges they receive at the hands of the latter. And one of the most important matters of all, point-to-point racing creates a demand for the highest type of hunter—the bold, intelligent, well-bred horse, up to weight and capable of staying at a strong pace over three and a-half miles to four miles of a country which would throw the average steeplechase horse down. The weedy thoroughbred is out of place in a really good point-to-point, and the horse that wins is generally one that combines size, power and scope. The latter is the type of all others that the farmer should be encouraged to breed, and so long as point-to-point racing flourishes he will find a ready market for his wares. On the other hand, if point-to-point racing is stopped, the demand for such horses will not be nearly so great, and the farmer will lose the opportunities he at present enjoys of proving his horses' merits over a hunting course. For all these reasons it is to be hoped that the present restrictions, which do no good to anybody, may shortly be removed, and that point-to-point racing will be allowed to continue to flourish as it has done in the past.

AMATEUR.

THE COTTAGE PROBLEM.

AS discussion proceeds it is increasingly evident that the cottage problem is the key of the agrarian question as it stands to-day. In Mr. F. E. Green's book, "The Tyranny of the Country Side," which may be accepted as the most extreme statement of the case

for reform, this is virtually admitted. Nearly all his cases of so-called tyranny centre round it. "When Hodge, with his family and household goods in the cart, reaches the insanitary cottage, his bondship is complete. He cannot afford another move, nor risk unemployment." Many other passages could be quoted to show that in the opinion of the writer the labourer is at the mercy of the farmer because of his home. The tied cottage is referred to with the abhorrence a teetotaler expresses for the tied public-house. Infer-

entially the remedy he suggests is a housing commission. He would put all right by an Act of Parliament. Yet his pages are sown with examples of Acts that do not act. Were we to believe him, it would have to be admitted that the Ground Game Act is often a dead letter. The Small Holdings Act does not work where it is most needed, and the Acts relating to the sanitation of the cottage are not applied. Why? Because the farmer is afraid of being

turned out of his holding, the tenant out of his cottage. We do not cite these statements for the purpose of arguing with him who made them. He appears to have gone through certain parts of the country, such as Sussex, Dorset, Gloucester and Wiltshire, picking up stories to thrill and shock his readers.

What we suggest is that he should have extended his enquiries as far as the North of England and South of Scotland. He would there have found his pet abomination—the tied cottage—in full working order. With what result? The Southern labourer on a weekly tenancy will often cling for a lifetime to the frail tenement in which his father lived and his son is prepared to live, earning a small and precarious wage. The Northern labourer makes his bargain for six months or a year and at the end of the

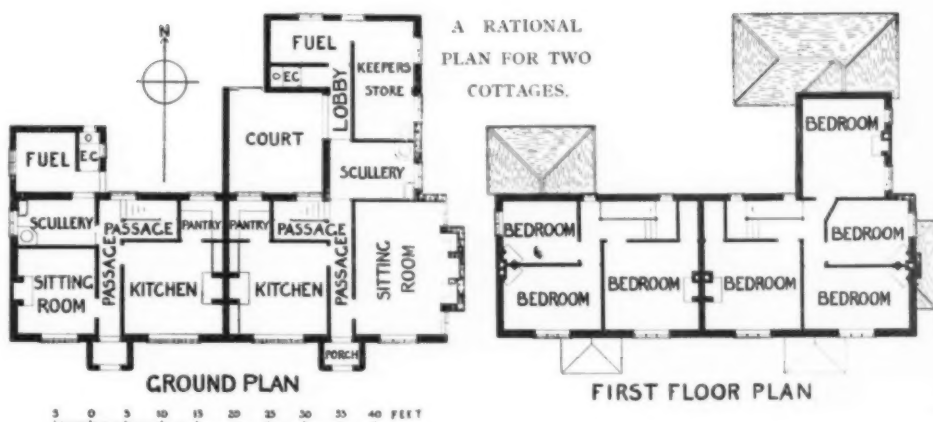
time has a clean up with his master. If things are in the slightest degree unsatisfactory, he is prepared to leave, and does leave; often he will shift for the mere love of change, or because instinctively aware that this is the true way to test the labour market. From Lord Strachie downwards those who declaim against the tied cottage are grasping the wrong sow by the ear. There is neither injustice nor tyranny incidental to bargaining for a year's work accompanied with a



TWO COTTAGES IN THE VILLAGE, IWERNE MINSTER.

year's tenancy of a cottage. The petty acts of tyranny of which Mr. Green draws so lurid a picture would become impossible if master and man were equally prepared to end all friction by separating when the contract ended. Nor is this any mere theory or speculation. The system is working satisfactorily and extensively to-day.

Besides, the moment for making a change is most auspicious. Agricultural labour has been rendered scarce and is being rendered even scarcer by the working of at least three separate forces. Emigration agents are scouring the land for men to go to Canada, Australia and South Africa. Home business is active, and the demand for labour in all miscellaneous employments unprecedentedly large, so that the movement from village to town is in full swing. Lastly, the new small holdings are absorbing some at least of the most capable men. Let the labourer arise then, and take his ware, which is his labour, to market, and sell it at the best price. He is no longer a mere item in a swarming horde of miseries fighting for a job, but one of a diminished band of workers whose labour is essential



left a fortune of ten thousand pounds. His recompense is not so much in money as in the pleasure of a healthy outdoor life. Yet if he is making a profit he is not so stupid as to forfeit it by refusing to pay a few pounds more in wages, if the outlay is necessary to keep up his returns. For that is the bed-rock of the situation. If a farmer is himself not making more than a living wage, not all the King's horses nor all the King's men, nor even Acts of Parliament, can make him pay what he

has not. In another sense there is a good deal of misunderstanding. Much of the overcrowding does not occur in the farm cottages at all, but in the villages, where the little tradesman and workers of one sort and another live. People sometimes forget that there are other things besides agriculture in the country. It would be far better if all farm hands were accommodated on the farm—those who are forced to live in the villages often deteriorate.

Mr. Green, who is a very Jeremiah of Arcady, draws a most lurid picture of "the 'thrall' working alone in a field with nothing but crows to keep him company," and living "chained to a house adjoining the byres and at a long distance from his fellows." There is not a scrap of real understanding in this. We could take him at this moment to a farm labourer in one of the home counties who is returning to the Midlands because a new cottage is to be built by the one he lives in. Yet he is no recluse, but he and his wife and children are as jolly and happy as could be desired and his cash wage is only sixteen shillings.

It is a pity that the investigation of rural problems should be conducted by party men and on party lines, so that only those cases are produced which tell for a certain line of argument. The cottages of which we show photographs and plan to-day form a good example of what is being done on many estates. They were put up by Mr. James H. Ismay of Iwerne for the convenience of his labourers, and anyone will see that equal attention has been given to making the houses comfortable and convenient and to maintaining the charm of a pretty village.



COTTAGES AT THE TOP OF THE HILL, IWERNE MINSTER.

and in highest demand. A further advantage for him lies in the increased prosperity of agriculture. This is a fact, although reformers are apt to exaggerate it. Where they think of prosperity it is in terms of some great city trade, in which, during a boom, a man may make several thousands a year and out of which a few emerge as millionaires. Agriculture is not an industry of this kind. A farmer is considered to be doing very well in it who reaches a few hundreds a year. Very few die rich. He would be thought a very successful man indeed who

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has a fine journalistic instinct. Nathaniel Hawthorne once said in his mystic way that every great book is a newspaper. It may be the newspaper of a day, a year, a century or many centuries; but what he meant was that intellectual fashions and thoughts get into the air, and the writer catches them with that invisible ear which we call instinct. Some are lasting and endure practically for ever, others are but crazes of the hour and dissolve and pass away even while they are being looked at. The novel by which Mrs. Humphry Ward made her name, "Robert Elsmere," dealt with a phase of religious thought of the deepest interest when it was written, but that has already grown old and threadbare. In her latest work, *The Mating of Lydia* (Smith, Elder), she has turned away from political and religious discussion in order to deal with two other topics of the hour, and she has cleverly combined them.

One is the passion for collecting, which never in the history of the world was so intense and widespread as it is in this twentieth century; the other is the responsibility of landowners for the proper management of their estates and the cultivation of the land, which is also colouring the thought of a century still young. In order to give expression to her thoughts on these subjects she has created the principal character, Mr. Melrose. Lydia herself is not much more than a walking gentlewoman, or, at the most, a charming, high-minded English maiden of a type with which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made us very familiar. The personality of Mr. Melrose dominates the pages. He is conceived on colossal lines, and perhaps the difference between the nineteenth century and the twentieth century could not be more aptly illustrated than in comparing him with that most delightful of all imaginary collectors, Jonathan Oldbuck. From a literary point of view it would scarcely be fair to contrast them. Jonathan appears with all the humanity and

humour and kindness of his great creator; Melrose is repugnant and is meant to be so. Yet the ways of the novelist are pretty much the same in all ages, and Melrose is put through an experience similar to that of Oldbuck. In early manhood, when he had been a physically and intelligently splendid example of the English aristocracy, he had met with a most severe rebuff on the part of the woman he loved; but whereas Jonathan had suffered one of those disappointments in love which left him saddened, it may be, but not dishonoured, Melrose is made to suffer because of his participation in an act of "lust and crime." The rebuff caused him to vanish from society, and after passing some years in obscurity, he had, before his appearance in the story, laid aside most of the habits and conventions of a country gentleman. He comes on to the scene the brutal husband of a young wife who is certainly weak and silly, but undeserving of the callous treatment he metes out to her. There is, in fact, no redeeming feature in the man's character. He is a villain of that black, unmellowed, hopeless cast which used to be dear to the playgoer of the old Adelphi and figures still in melodrama. Perhaps that is the reason why he is not exactly a convincing figure. He is at once too wicked, too hard, and too clever to be believed in. Nor can we accept him as a typical collector. That is a character which still remains to be drawn—and we say so in perfect consciousness that there are many varieties. Some are born collectors and others have collecting thrust upon them. Only a comparatively few belong to that inner circle of choice spirits who surround themselves with what is old and beautiful because of appreciation; who would for ever acquire, but hate to sell. More common is the commercial type who may or may not have the sense which is vaguely called taste in these days, and who ekes out his own talent with a sort of genius for extracting the best advice either out of his friends or from paid experts. His ruling passion is commercialism, and his happiest moment is probably when he sells for a large sum that for which he paid a comparative trifle.

But Mrs. Ward has tried to pile everything on to Mr. Melrose. He has intellect and taste, but also the instincts of a miser. His cases are sent home and are left unopened for ten, fifteen or twenty years. His magnificent Georgian house is made to resemble a store full of wooden boxes, and we have the paradox of being asked to believe that a man with an extraordinary eye for the beautiful is, nevertheless, content to live in the most hugger-mugger fashion. He has a great estate, but in its management displays the same disregard of use and beauty. The grounds and park are allowed to run wild; the cottagers have to put up with all sorts of disease-giving conditions or leave. In one village alone thirty children have died from diphtheria and are buried in an "Innocents' Corner"—a little detail culled from an unauthenticated tale in a Radical paper. But the wonderful thing is that this reclusive and tyrant, on his place being invaded by a stranger who, having met with a bad accident, is carried in against the wishes of the owner's servants at the command of a humane doctor, for his sake unbuttons his purse, unfolds the splendour of his collection, furnishes the erstwhile neglected mansion like a palace, causes the flowers to grow again in the garden, and, as if by enchantment, raises an exquisite structure out of desolation. Still he will not yield to the solicitations of those who would fain see him do justice to his land and to his tenantry, and in the end he is murdered by one of the latter. What follows in the book is anti-climax, except in so far as it paves the way for a peroration which we quote:

"Do with it!" Boden turned upon her. "Grow a few ideas in your landlord's garden! Turn the ground of it—enrich it—change it—try experiments! How long will this England leave the land to you landowners, unless you bring some mind to it—aye, and the best of your souls!—you, the nation's servants! Here is a great tract left desolate by one man's wickedness. Restore the waste places—build—people—teach! Heavens, what a chance!" His eyes kindled. "And when Faversham and Lydia come back—yoke them in too. Curator!—stuff! If he won't own that estate, make him govern it, and play the man. Disinterested power!—with such a wife—and such a friend! Could a man ask better of the gods? Now is your moment. Rural England turns to you, its natural leaders, to shape it afresh. Shirk—refuse—at your peril!"

After all this it is a change indeed to go back to those sunny pages in which Jonathan Oldbuck plays his part with Sir Arthur Wardour and Lovel and Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie man. He was not called a collector, but an antiquary. With what urbanity, what knowledge of life, what kindness he is worked out! Melrose had precisely the same æsthetic tastes, but how the lines are thickened and the capitals enlarged in describing him! Of the minor characters in Mrs. Ward's book the best, in our estimation, is Lady Tatham, a frank, outspoken example of an English lady.

THE MEN OF YESTERDAY.

Memories, by Stephen Coleridge. (The Bodley Head.) MR. STEPHEN COLERIDGE is a young man to have begun writing his *Memories*, but there can be no denying the fact that they are interesting. He has the good fortune to belong to a family which has been intellectually

distinguished for many generations, and in consequence he came into contact with the most remarkable literary figures of the latter half of the nineteenth century. This book is not one of unrelieved gossip about celebrities, and the author has made the wholesome rule that he would not write of anybody now living; but he does give us many amusing anecdotes and very charming pictures of the intimate life of men whose names were as familiar as household words during the Victorian era. Of course, it was only to be expected that Mr. Coleridge should recur, perhaps a little too often, to his favourite anti-vivisectionist hobby; but the pages in which he does so can easily be skipped. Perhaps, too, there is at least as much as we want about that very distinguished member of his family, Lord Coleridge, C.J., and his doings. But the reader will be hard to please if he is not interested in what Mr. Coleridge has to say about Matthew Arnold, for example. The following characterisation seems to tell us more than many anecdotes: "No one was more merciful to a fool, or more patient with a bore. He never talked down to anyone unless it was done manifestly for his good; and then it would be fun with no acid in it. He went through the world with a philosophical cheerfulness, and a serene kindness. It was difficult to discern in him any trace of that strain of sadness that pervades so much of his poetry." Cardinal Newman often used to stay at Sussex Square, and in private intercourse was what we know him to have been in public life—"one of the saints of God"; and yet one of the best stories in the book was told by him. "He was often very humorous in a gentle, winning way. I remember once, after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who travelled to Italy, and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and being an advanced churchman essayed to participate in the ceremonial, kneeling when the priest knelt, and standing when he stood; and just at the conclusion of the service he noted on looking round that he was the only man in the congregation; all the other worshippers being women. 'The fact was,' said the Cardinal, 'he had been churchied.'" A celebrity with whom we are very glad to renew acquaintance is the late Lord Northbrook, surely the most amiable of political leaders. He and Lord Coleridge had been at Eton together, and, indeed, the families had been friendly for three generations. Here is a picture of great statesmen in their lighter moments: "When I was a youth at Cambridge I went on a visit to Pynes, which has always remained in my memory. Sir Stafford in his home was very fond of charades, dingo crambo, and such like diversions; and one evening when I was on this visit I remember he entered his own drawing-room during one of these amusing games, on all fours baaing like a sheep. Soon afterwards a clock had to be indicated somehow in dumb show, so I was selected as being long and light to represent a pendulum, and Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford stood on chairs and holding me under the elbows swung me solemnly backwards and forwards, while Gathorne Hardy patted a poker and tongs together to represent the ticking of the pendulum. Sir Stafford was at that time (1875) Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Salisbury was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Gathorne Hardy (afterwards Lord Cranbrook) was Secretary of State for War." There is a legal story to match this one which was told by Lord Coleridge, who said that when "he was going the western circuit in the thirties as Marshall to my grandfather (Sir John Taylor Coleridge), and the great Lord Erskine's son, Mr. Justice Erskine, was the other Judge, he remembered that no sooner had the door closed on the last departing magistrate than Erskine chuckled his wig into the large end of the room, and proceeded to perform a kind of fantastic jig round it, and just as the judicial silk stocking was highest in one direction, and the long robe at its farthest elevation in the other, there re-entered hurriedly one of the guests who had returned to search for his hat which he had inadvertently left behind." These examples will enable the reader to judge what he may expect from the book itself. It is full of amusement, and yet the author would not be a Coleridge if his taste was not fine to the point of fastidiousness. He laments many of the changes that have taken place since his own boyhood. He remembers, for instance, when Lady Mildred Hope never drove out from her house at the end of Connaught Place without an outrider, who circulated the park about fifty yards in front of her carriage. Again, in the early sixties, when ladies went out shopping, they were always accompanied by a footman, and they never thought of entering a hansom cab. He refers to the shocking incident of the first bishop who was seen in a hansom. And his father's sense of decorum was outraged when a bishop had the radicalism to grow a beard. After 1870 began the total emancipation "which has found its consummation in grown women riding astride of horses, puffing cigarette-smoke in men's faces, and bathing with men in skin-tights at fashionable French watering-places." He ends his book with a good railing outcry against the triumph of science, against the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions.

A VOLUME OF GLEANINGS.

Selected Passages from the Works of Bernard Shaw. Chosen by Charlotte F. Shaw. (Constable.)

THOSE who admire Mr. Shaw and those who do not will enjoy this book, for his great merit lies in maintaining the most hasty, illogical and badly-thought-out paradoxes in a way which is amusing; he is a journalist of a very high order. Unfortunately it is impossible to print a collection of the Sayings of Bernard Shaw—no one would believe that he had ever uttered them; for, unhampered by the printed evidence of his indiscretion, he can give forth dogmatically the most absurd statements; and then, when the listener is overwhelmed by the sea of the Shavian ignorance, Mr. Shaw can bolster his statements by crying: "I know, for I have spent thirty years in studying these subjects." But, in spite of these drawbacks, there is ample material for a future Boswell!

A NOTEBOOK AND DICTIONARY.

The Entomologist's Log-Book, by A. G. Sclater. (Routledge.) WE are especially grateful for this book because it came into our hands at the very moment that we were trying to elucidate a somewhat obscure point in the feeding habits of a certain butterfly. The arrangement is excellent and the information succinct and complete; the book is interleaved so that the field naturalist can immediately make a record of his observations in the right place. The indexing of both the Latin and English names makes the book much more convenient for the average entomologist, and we think that the gain was well worth the very considerable amount of extra labour involved. We can recommend this "Dictionary of the Life-histories and Food-plants of the British Butterflies and Larger Moths."

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE UNIVERSITY TRIAL MATCHES.

A FORTNIGHT ago, Mr. Hutchinson, in writing of the almost prehistoric University matches in which he took part, declared that he and his fellows had no preliminary canter against other clubs. Now that the University match at Hoylake is drawing near and the two teams have just completed their two arduous programmes of preliminary canter, it may be worth while to write something, from an only slightly less antediluvian standpoint, about these trial matches. They can, moreover, give rise to a train of historical reflections. If anyone desires to see what a comparatively new thing golf is in the South of England, let him for a moment recall the matches of a University side towards the end of the last century with those that they play to-day.

In the Consulship of my own particular Plancus, that is from 1884 to 1897, we at Cambridge played, roughly speaking, five matches—two in the October term and three in the Lent term. In November we arose at a hideously early hour of the morning—I can still recall with a shudder the appearance of a remorseless bed-maker at my door at 6 a.m.—to make a long, cold, slow journey to Yarmouth. There we played against Mr. F. S. Ireland, Mr. W. E. Hughes, Mr. Robert Whyte, Mr. J. C. Gibson and other stalwarts of the Royal Blackheath Club, and they duly sent us home with our tails between our legs. A little later in the term we voyaged in greater comfort to meet the same kind friends upon the bleak and gravelly ridges of Blackheath itself, as a rule with the same result. Then in the Lent term we hoped for something of revenge, for Yarmouth and Blackheath had the almost incredible good nature to come to muddy, misty Cambridge, when we played them two matches on successive days. There, since they were unaccustomed to deal with a ball which stuck when it fell and likewise to putt with lofting irons, we occasionally beat them. There was also one match against the Old Cantabs, and I remember very well the awe with which I first beheld Mr. H. S. Colt, on one of these occasions, attired, as some protection against the Coldham mud, in thick leather gaiters. That was literally all our programme, for some of the older matches, against Felixstowe and Cromer and the London Scottish, had died out.

As to Oxford, they met, if I remember rightly, Warwick, for whom played one of the deadliest of all putters, Mr. F. M. G. Abell, and Guildford, whose shining lights were Mr. Walter Carr, Mr. Ross and Mr. Horace Davenport, and Ascot with Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell and Mr. G. W. Ricketts. There were likewise one, or perhaps two teams of Old Oxonians, and that was the end of their list. There was no club that played against both Universities, and so there was no medium through which any inference could be drawn as to which was the stronger side. The captains, too, had thus far fewer opportunities of judging as to the match-playing merits of those competing for the last places on a side. I recollect that at Cambridge there was an agonising system by which the last two unfortunates were finally disposed of. A solemn foursome was played, one poor trembling wretch being partnered by the captain and the other by Mr. Limkill. Both were probably unaccustomed to foursome play, and both knew that their fate depended on their efforts, and the one who missed the fewest shots presumably got the last place.

To-day, of those matches that I have enumerated but one survives—and long may it survive!—namely, that between Cambridge and Yarmouth. All the others, including, alas! that at Blackheath, have gone. The next oldest match is that between Oxford and Woking. The first match between these two was played, if I remember rightly, in the summer of 1907, and the second, in which I played, in the ensuing winter, when the Woking side was led by Mr. F. G. Tait, who beat, rather severely, Mr. (now Captain) W. A. Henderson. A year or two after that, by the way, there was rather a famous match between Oxford and the Scottish Gentlemen, a team of all the talents. Oxford were then, to quote an expression of Davy Ayton's, "in their pomp," and Mr. Humphrey Ellis, playing wonderful golf around that pretty, wooded, slimy Hinksey, beat Mr. Tait by 6 holes.

To-day the Universities meet, besides Woking, Sunningdale, Mid-Surrey, Stoke Poges, Worplesdon and Walton Heath, Sudbrook Park and the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society—some of them twice. Several of these clubs one is inclined to regard as institutions of almost venerable age, and yet they none of them existed when persons who are neither bald nor grey-headed were undergraduates. When some enthusiastic barristers began to carve the Woking course out of marshy

heather in the nineties they were regarded as lunatics, and now here is London absolutely ringed round with fine courses made out of sand and heather and fir trees.

Not only are these trial matches much more numerous than they used to be, but they are decidedly more formidable. That is a fact that is worth emphasising when we compare the Oxford and Cambridge sides of to-day with those of some years back. The Universities do not, in fact, win many of these games, but it is also to be charitably remembered how very few of them they play on their own courses. A Braid or a Vardon can apparently conquer Nature so far as to be able to beat a record on a strange course after an all-night journey, but this is a rare gift, and for the more ordinary person a horrid, early start on a cold winter's morning and some hours of railway travelling do not conduce to good golf. That is a statement of the truth of which we appreciate, and, indeed, harp upon in our own case, but we are perhaps unjustly inclined to think that undergraduates are young enough to know better.

B. D.

MR. FRY—NOT QUITE BILLIARD CHAMPION.

GOLFERS will have watched with much sympathy Mr. S. H. Fry's gallant effort to take the amateur championship of English billiards from the hands of Mr. Virr, who has held it so long. In the nineties Mr. Fry made a hobby of winning this championship, even as Mr. Virr does now. Mr. Fry was beaten, finally, this year, but he put up a good fight. It was all in one quarter, the third section of five hundred, that he lost the game. In course of the preliminary tournament, before coming to that challenge round with the holder, he had made the best break ever recorded in this contest—236. It was after he had made his name as a billiard player that Mr. Fry took up golf, and quickly arrived at a skill which it is given to very few men to attain who did not play the game as boys. Very narrowly did Mr. Fry escape being amateur champion, being beaten only after a great fight by Mr. Charles Hutchings. That was at Hoylake, and Mr. Charles Hutchings, too, be it noted, is a very fine billiard player. Mr. Fry was an immense number of holes down when they began the last half of the last round, but he kept winning these back, by wonderful pluck and by wonderful putting, until Mr. Hutchings had only one hole of his big vantage left. But it was left him at the right time—the end. These have always been the great qualities of Mr. Fry's game, his pluck and his putting, and without them there would not have been much in it. And there is no doubt that the fine delicacy of his touch which makes him so great at billiards is the quality that makes his putting great also. It is very singular, if only a coincidence, that when this historic final battle was waged at Hoylake it should have been between two men neither of whom had learnt golf as boys—for that was Mr. Hutchings' case no less than Mr. Fry's—both of whom were fine billiard players, and that it should be the first year of the introduction of the india-rubber balls which needed such a much lighter touch for their putting. Had this last circumstance anything to do with the survival of these two finalists, I wonder?

GOLFER AND HOCKEY PLAYER TOO.

Anyone who has played golf for only a moderate number of years can remember vividly the time when the humorists of the street addressed him as "Mr. Balfour" and alluded to his clubs as "Ockey sticks." It has taken the Saxon a long time to learn the difference between golf and hockey, and this is the more curious because, in spite of the superficial resemblance between them, the players of the two games have particularly little in common. With one exception, I never heard of a distinguished male golfer—I cannot answer for the ladies—who was also a distinguished hockey player, or for that matter, even an undistinguished one. The one exception is Mr. R. W. Crummack, who last Saturday played centre-forward for England against Wales and scored one of England's three goals. Mr. Crummack has been probably a little unlucky in not also having represented his country at golf. At any rate, if he is not always a very reliable golfer, he can on occasions be an extremely brilliant one. His happy hunting-ground is St. Anne's, where he has done some wonderful scores against very strong fields—a 70 on one occasion, if I remember aright. He also knocked the great Mr. John Ball out of the amateur championship two years ago at Prestwick, and is at this moment champion of Lancashire. The hockey players have, I understand, a rule which considerably curtails the freedom of the swing, but this certainly does not interfere with Mr. Crummack's driving, for there is no one alive who gives the ball a freer and more whole-hearted smack.

MR. WOODHEAD AND THE YORKSHIRE UNION.

Another Northern golfer of distinction deserves mention this week, namely, Mr. Arthur Woodhead, who has just retired from the position of honorary secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Golf Clubs. This position he has held ever since the Yorkshire Union was founded in 1894, and I suppose that few people—certainly very few of us in the South—know what a lot of hard work those nineteen years of office imply. The Yorkshire Union plays a great part in the golf of the county. There is a big meeting once a year, at which are played both the single and the team championships; there is also, on a different course, a second team competition; there is, unless I am mistaken, a foursome tournament; there are County matches and a match between the Amateurs and Professionals of Yorkshire. There are a hundred and one other things of which I know nothing, but one piece of statistics is eloquent: there are over seventy affiliated clubs. Southern golfers in general have no great sympathy with County golf or with unions. Very likely they are right, but at any rate it is pretty clear that the Yorkshire Union has in various ways given a great deal of pleasure and interest to Yorkshire golfers, and they ought to be and no doubt are very grateful to Mr. Woodhead for all his good work.

AN EXCUSE FOR MILITANTS.

The secretary of a golf club in the South of France supplied me the other day with the nearest approach to a justification for "militancy" that I have

yet come across. Two small French caddies had apparently been contending during the luncheon interval for possession of a driver belonging to the employer of one of them. The contest became acute, and the driver was snapped in pieces. The two villains were haled by the aggrieved party before the secretary. He approached the interview with some trepidation, thinking, not unnaturally,

that a man whose favourite driver has just been broken is one not to be trifled with. It passed off, however, remarkably well. The secretary had never met anyone who accepted a disaster so good-humouredly. "It really does not matter in the least," said the employer. "It is only my wife's!" Who can wonder after this that putting greens are devastated?

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS PASTURE LAND A SOURCE OF DISEASE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The certain man of science who recently published an article in which he falls foul of permanent pasture as the most fruitful of all sources of disease, not only to stock, but also to the human race, is, undoubtedly, very near the mark, in my opinion, but his suggested treatment of ploughing up all permanent pastures and substituting rotation crops is too drastic and impracticable. The suggestion of your correspondent "A. T. M." that chain or bush harrowing should be done more frequently is very true, but what farming operation is more neglected than this, and yet more beneficial in every way? For years I have made a practice of chain harrowing both autumn and spring, and more particularly during the former. It must be advantageous that all droppings, which have accumulated from the summer stocking, should be spread before the winter rains wash them in in one spot; for thus the valuable properties are distributed evenly on the field, and not in patches, which is so particularly noticeable after horses have grazed a field, and why, for one reason among others, horses are supposed to, and do, spoil grass land. Then again, I make a practice of using the spiked harrows now, for the teeth exercise a certain amount of scratching or cultivating upon the surface soil, which gives the land a better surface and allows the weather, sunlight and frost to work upon it, and thereby sweetens and disinfects it also. These spiked harrows do further good in tearing out the rough fog and disturbing those thick patches which must shelter any germs that may exist, and so prevent the sun destroying them. There is nothing I dislike seeing more than rough patches in a pasture for many reasons, and I have always a few rough West Highland cattle running my fields for the express purpose of pulling off all such rank stuff, and most thoroughly do they do this. Your correspondent and myself think alike also as to disinfectants, such as lime and salt, and I have used many hundred tons in my time for this purpose, and been amply repaid both in the herbage of the pasture, the evenness of it and the health of the cattle. It would indeed be a grand thing for agriculture and labour in this country if those lands that had more or less laid themselves down in the bad times were broken up. But what at the present time is to bring this about? Surely not the ever-increasing burdens of rates and taxes; nor, to my mind, small holdings. Which employ the most labour and circulate the most money? The large farm with its varied branches, or the same farm split up into small farms? Undoubtedly the former, though many who have not studied it in actual working may not agree. "A. T. M." has indeed struck the right note in finding fault with the system of treating grass land (or rather the utter neglect of it in some parts), and I trust that his excellent article will be generally read, appreciated and acted upon.—OSWALD MOSLEY.

A PLAGUE OF FROGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the lower part of the garden of my house there is a long sheet of water, it varies, roughly, from one to two and a-half feet in depth and it may be fifteen feet wide. This pond or tank is a seething mass of frogs. They are about the garden and on the garden steps and stairways, and the place is absolutely objectionable because of them. I should think it very kind if you could tell me what means could be taken to destroy them. A frog or two in reason I do not object to; but the plague of frogs I have here is almost equal to the plague in Egypt.—H. E.

[Professor Boulenger, upon this, writes as follows: "The plague of frogs of which your correspondent complains is an annual phenomenon of short duration. The common frog is a terrestrial creature, which seeks the water only for the purpose of spawning, between February and the beginning of April. This year, owing to the exceptionally mild winter, the breeding operations were over in most places by the end of last month. By the time this note is published the hundreds of frogs will have left the water and dispersed over gardens, meadows and fields, where they will render great service in destroying insects and slugs. In Belgium the law protects frogs, which are scheduled among the animals useful to agriculture. There is only one means of getting rid of the frogs which I can recommend to your correspondent, should he be indifferent to the services they render later in the year. Although frogs are not appreciated for culinary purposes in this country, there is, nevertheless, a great demand for them for use in the biological laboratories, good-sized specimens selling currently at a shilling a dozen. If, next year, when the breeding season begins and the frogs have congregated in his pond, he would communicate with a dealer in these things, whose name we would provide him with, by simply paying the railway fare a man would be sent who, in a few hours, would clear the pond of the intruders before most of them have had time to spawn. As to the eggs, nothing is easier than to destroy them. The big masses of frog-spawn float on the surface not far from the borders of the pond and are most conspicuous. By means of a landing-net, or even of a rake or a long pole, they can be dragged out to the banks and left to dry there. This year's progeny may thus be entirely destroyed in a few days. While such complaints are made here, frog-farming is carried on on the other side of the Channel, the choicest specimens of the common frog, known as 'Grenouilles de parc,' fetching as much as two shillings a dozen on the Paris Central Market. The sale of frogs in Paris amounts to over three thousand pounds per annum.—G. A. BOULENGER."—ED.]

MELANISM IN MICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Colour-breeding is an interesting subject, whether applied to dogs, pigeons, poultry or other living creatures, and the variations capable of being produced

by judicious combinations of existing forms are truly remarkable. The average person, in speaking of domesticated mice, usually designates them as "white," in ignorance of the fact that breeders have evolved no fewer than from fifteen to twenty clearly defined varieties. Although I have never kept fancy mice since my school days, a casual glance into a review copy of a monograph entitled "Fancy Mice," by Mr. C. J. Davies, induced me to read it through, for I found the author dealt with the matter in an unexpectedly scientific spirit. "C. L. H.'s" letter last week has sent me to the book again. There I see that melanism may be produced in several ways, one of which admits of an explanation of the phenomenon observed by your correspondent. Miss Durham, at Cambridge, has shown that the coat of the common house mouse carries three distinct pigments in the hair—black at the base, barred with chocolate above, and some are tipped with yellow. Fancy black mice, Mr. Davies explains, may be produced in several ways, such as from the pairing of two males or two fawns. The mating of a wild mouse with an albino fancy mouse has been known to result in young of the wild colour, which, when paired *inter se*, have produced a proportion of blacks. May this not account for the black ones discovered by your correspondent? Albinism may occur among mice as among other animals, and the breeding together, first of an albino and an ordinary mouse, and then of their young, may have produced the melanistic specimens. An escaped black fancy mouse can scarcely be responsible, for this reason. Mr. Davies tells us that an agouti (*i.e.*, a fancy mouse of the wild colour), if crossed with pure blacks or pure chocolates, throws agouti-coloured young. If the young of agouti and chocolate parents are paired *inter se* they may be expected to produce progeny in this ratio—nine agouti, three cinnamon, three black and one chocolate.—A. C. S.

[Our correspondent's suggestion as to the origin of the black mice in question is, of course, possible, but it seems far more reasonable to regard them as "natural" melanistic varieties, as such often occur in nature, though the inciting cause for the variation is obscure. Commonly it is climatic and is associated with an excess of humidity. There is nothing more remarkable in black mice than in black leopards, black snipe or black bullfinches, which we regard as normal variations.—ED.]

THE SPORTING WEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At a time like the present, when the creation of enmity between class and class seems to be the object of the endeavours of some, the following may be of interest as showing the way in which English farmers gladly back up all sporting endeavours. I am writing of the West Country, where we run a paper-chase hunt club for boys who have to work all day; the farmers have been only too pleased for us to run over their land, their only stipulation being the natural one that we should shut gates. Lately we had a four-mile point-to-point for the boys who belong to the club, the winner finishing the course in twenty-seven and a-half minutes, which, I think, is not bad, considering the hilly nature of the country and the very little chance he had of training. After the race many of the farmers and their wives came to tea with the members of the club, and expressed their pleasure at being able to help us, and their hope that we should have a good season next winter.—M. P. H. C.

THE UNSPARED ROD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I found him weeping by the roadside. He was a very good fifty, and the tears trickled over wrinkled cheeks to lose themselves in a grizzly beard. I paused to enquire what the trouble was. He blew his nose loudly and resentfully before replying: "I won't work for 'm! I won't work for 'm! He thrashed me, he did! An' me with three grandchildren!"

"Who thrashed you?" I asked, in amazement; for he was muscular, and in spite of his sobs appeared to be one whom men might respect.

"Feyther. That's him over by they turnips. I won't work for 'm, an' so I told 'm."

I looked in the direction indicated, and behold, an aged man leaning on a staff! I decided to have a few words with him, and left his disconsolate son for that purpose. The ancient eyed me balefully as I approached.

"Look here," I began, trying to look as if it were my business to interfere, "are you the father of that man on the road there?"

He bestowed a stern glance at the slouching figure below, and said briefly: "I be."

"He says you thrashed him."

"I did that, and I'll do it again if he ain't careful. I won't have him speak disrespectful to his grandfather!"—E. L. B.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the afternoon of Saturday, the 8th inst., while taking a walk, I saw a swallow hawking for insects. The bird was in a very sheltered valley, on a south slope close to the sea, and protected by cliffs from the north. The swallow was flying backwards and forwards and round the little valley. I stood watching it for five or six minutes in order to make certain that it was a swallow, and there was no doubt at all about it. This is such a remarkably early date for a swallow, is it not probable that it may have wintered here, especially as this has been such an unusually mild season? Here we have hardly had any frost at all.—C. W. N., Teignmouth, South Devon.

A BABY OF THE PLAINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a photograph of a young Coke's hartebeeste—probably a few hours old—which I took on the Athi Plains, British East Africa, last month.—A. W. BROWN, Zanzibar.

A SPRING MOULTING AMONG BLACKBIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading "E. P.'s" note in your issue of February 8th recalls a curious incident regarding a blackbird that came under my own observation two years ago. A pair of blackbirds nested in my garden; after moulting in the autumn the cock bird appeared with head and neck perfectly white, and remained so till the spring, when it again became black. Many years ago in Hertfordshire I remember seeing one with a white head, but the change from white to black again seemed to me to be rather curious.—A. B.

[Our correspondent has drawn attention to an extremely interesting point. Normally, the thrushes and blackbirds moult but once annually, the autumn moult. In the present case a partial spring moult evidently took place, whereby the white feathers, which are purely pathological, were replaced by new feathers of the normal hue.—Ed.]

TADPOLES HIBERNATING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent of February 22nd speaks of tadpoles which have remained as tadpoles for over six months. I believe that a tadpole can be kept as such for two years or more by preventing it having access to land. I once had a tadpole for about a year (as nearly as I can remember) in an aquarium. We transferred him to a shallow flower-pot saucer with a bit of rock in it, and he crawled out of the water, and we had the pleasure of seeing his tail disappear the same day. No doubt, if your correspondent will try the same experiment he will have the gratification of watching the metamorphosis. The explanation



YOUNG HARTEBEESTE.

is that as long as the tadpole is in the water it must breathe through its gills and cannot use its lungs, which remain undeveloped, and the whole development of the fish into the amphibian is consequently retarded.—K. O. VAUGHAN.

POULTRY-KEEPING IN HOLLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time I have seen in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE pictures of poultry-keeping in England, but do not remember to have seen anything illustrative of poultry-keeping in Holland. I therefore think you may like to reproduce the two accompanying photographs. One is of a poultry farm at Volendam which attracted me very much. As you will see, it is situated by a stream side and the pens and birds are most interesting. The other picture illustrates a common sight in almost any Dutch country town. On market day the birds are brought in these conical-shaped baskets, and it is amusing to watch the Dutchmen, usually with cigar in mouth, chaffing over the chickens. There is an absence of gesticulation and deliberateness about the whole business that contrasts very greatly with the behaviour of Normandy and Brittany peasants, who sell their fowls in the open market-place under much the same conditions, but in very different style.—G. C.

"MY LORD SIDNAY"—HIS BOOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed two pictures reproduce pages from an enchanting little book, which I imagine must be of a rare type. The brightly-illuminated title-page bears the following dedication:

A NEW YEERS GIFT
FOR THE RIGHT HONORABLE
AND VERTVOVS LORD
MY LORD SIDNAY
OF THE HAND WRITING
AND LIMMING OF MEE
ESTHER INGLIS THE FIRST
OF JANVAR, 1606.

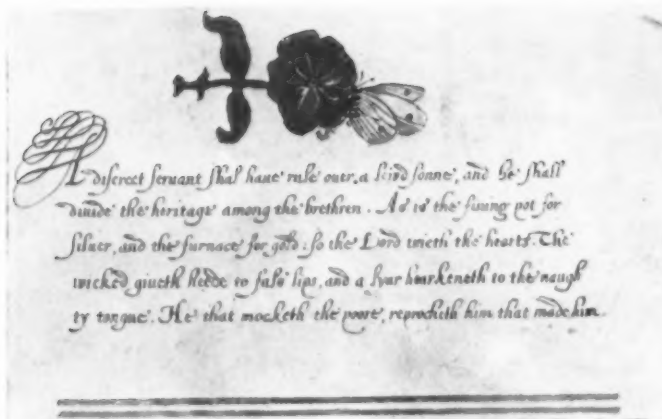
The leaves of the book are of the same size as the photographs, and number twenty-one in all. Each is illuminated with a flower in colours, and with two blue lines, and the book is bound in leather with elaborate gilt tooling. Unfortunately, the parchment leaves have somewhat yellowed with age, and it is impossible, therefore, to get a photograph of the most notable, which show the copy-book lines in lettering so inconceivably small and delicate that it can hardly be read without a magnifying glass. The lettering on the two pages shown in the photograph is by comparison with some of the others almost coarse and clumsy. The extraordinary thing is that this work should have been done with a reed pen, yet in those days there was nothing else to use. The Esther Inglis who penned this delightful copy-book three hundred and five years ago was a celebrated writing mistress. It is a little difficult to guess who "My Lord Sidnay" was, because Robert Sidney, made Earl of Leicester in 1618, had been created Baron Sidney of Penshurst in 1603, but received the next step in rank in 1605, when he became Viscount Lisle. By New Year's Day of 1606, therefore, he was My Lord Lisle, and not My Lord Sidney, but Esther Inglis seems to have written him down by the name which she knew best. This is an altogether interesting example of a lot of copy-book maxims, taken mostly from the Book of Proverbs and a type of other books that paved the way for Cocker, who in the middle of the seventeenth century wrote twenty-three books



A POULTRY FARM AT VOLENDAM.



MARKET DAY IN A DUTCH TOWN.



Discreet servant shal haue rule ouer, a liue soune, and he shall
 diuide the heritage among the brethren. Ad is the fuing pot for
 siluer, and the furnace for gold: so the Lord trieth the hearts. The
 wicked giueh hede to false lips, and a liar harkeneth to the naugh
 ty tongue. He that mocketh the poore, reprocheth him that made him.



The feare of the Lord is the begin
 ning of knowledge: but fooles despise wisdom and instr
 uction. My sonne, heare thy fathers instruction, and forsake not
 thy mothers teaching. For they shalbe a comely ornament to
 to thine heade, and as chaines for thy necke. &c.

XVII. CENTURY PENMANSHIP BY ESTHER INGLIS.

on penmanship, such as "The Pen's Triumph adorned with incomparable Knots and Flourishes." Although he is perhaps better known by his arithmetical books which immortalised him in the phrase "according to Cocker," his name and that of his forerunner, Esther Inglis, deserve to be remembered in days when the typewriter is rapidly displacing the pen.—F. S. A.

A LEAD BUST OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Lead garden statues of all kinds are familiar enough in COUNTRY LIFE pictures of old gardens, but the extant lead portrait figures are few and portrait busts distinctly rare. The earliest bust which I was able to illustrate in "English Leadwork" was one of the great Lord Fairfax. Mr. Keightley has lately shown me his notable lead bust of Elizabeth. The accompanying photograph shows that it is practically a fac-simile of the upper part of the marble effigy on the tomb of the Queen in Westminster Abbey. I have examined the two together, and the lead bust is identical in the modelling of the face, except that the eyes are a quarter of an inch wider apart. The jewels, ruff, etc., are identical, save that the lead is inferior in fineness of detail. The marble effigy was finished in 1606 by Maximilian Colte, also called Poutrain. Colte is said to

have worked from the Queen's death-mask, and both the marble and the lead, therefore, show the best likeness of Elizabeth. It is possible that the lead bust was a copy made soon afterwards by the *cire perdue* process, from an impression taken from the marble. The difference in the distance of the eyes may easily have come from a warping of the impression. It is conceivable even that the lead was taken from a model which Colte used as sketch for the marble. If so, it is the earliest lead bust in England. On the other hand, it may have been made later from the marble for someone who desired a replica of a distinguished piece of sculpture. I am not bold enough to give it a definite date, and its history is not documented. It came from the collection of a connoisseur in leadwork, and is said to have belonged at one time to a Duke of Beaufort.—LAWRENCE WEAVER.



THE QUEEN'S HEAD ON THE ABBEY TOMB.



LEAD BUST OF ELIZABETH.

A STRANGE POSE OF THE SEA-ELEPHANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The sea-elephant of the islands of the Southern Seas, one race of which ranges as far north as the Californian coast, is remarkable not only for its gigantic size (its length in some cases falling apparently little, if at all, short of twenty feet), but also for the strange attitudes assumed by the old bulls when alarmed, or about to fight with their fellows. These attitudes were portrayed, albeit somewhat eccentrically, in the narrative of Lord Anson's voyage, during which the species was first discovered on Juan Fernandez, and they are also referred to in the late Professor Moseley's "A Naturalist on the Challenger." To fully realise the most remarkable of these attitudes is very difficult without the aid of a photograph, and until I received the one here reproduced my ideas on the matter were somewhat hazy. This photograph I owe to Dr. G. Cruickshank, who has recently returned from

South Georgia, where he has studied both seals and whales, and who has kindly permitted its reproduction. It represents an old sea-elephant bull in an attitude which has been described very fully, as the result of observations made during the recent Swiss expedition to the Antarctic. According to these observations, the old bulls when on shore not infrequently elevate the fore part of their bodies to such a height that the front flippers are completely above the level of the ground, this being done apparently in order to obtain a view above the tall tussocks of grass which grow on the shore.



TAKING STOCK OF HIS SURROUNDINGS.

When irritated by the approach of a man, the bulls will often raise themselves to a still greater height, the body then resting on the hind region alone, and the whole fore part being elevated vertically, so that the front flippers are high above the ground, midway, in fact, between the head and the part resting on the ground. In the photograph, the elevation is not quite so much. Although they look threatening, they are generally too lazy to attack intruders, but a direct frontal approach on the part of the latter may be dangerous. When an attack is made, it is straight forwards, so that an alert man can generally escape by jumping to one side. On the other hand, an old bull is exceedingly nimble in spinning round on his axis in teetotum fashion. If, for instance, an intruder treads on his hind flippers, the bull immediately raises himself up vertically in the posture just mentioned and spins round on the ground till he is facing the spot at first occupied by his hind limbs, the movement being almost instantaneous. When two bulls fight, they first swell out their necks, inflate their trunks, and open their huge mouths to their fullest extent, after the manner described in Anson's voyage. Next, they elevate their bodies nearly into the position described above, and directly afterwards throw themselves forwards against one another, trying to fix their powerful tusks in the head or neck. If they succeed, large pieces of skin, or skin and flesh, are torn off, leaving great gaping wounds, which, however, soon heal. With loud roaring the fight is continued till one retires, but it is never pursued by the conqueror. Specimens of these huge seals are exhibited in the Natural History Museum, while a young one is now living in the Zoological Gardens.—R. LYDEKKER.

